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A MESSAGE—AN ANSWER.

I.

I HEARD that life was failing thee ; and sent
A rose, the Chalice of Love's Sacrament,
Thinking that the sweet heart of her should
show

How one remembers thee, that long ago
Had spent the rose in tears, long dried, long
spent.

Not that my messenger should stir thy breast,
Or passion move thee, that for only guest

Should have the Lord of Life, thy soul to
guide

Through the Death-valley to the other
side—

Thy only love be now the First and Best—

But that before the awful shadows creep
Across thee, and thou fall indeed asleep,
Thy whitening fingers once might wander in
The petal's depths ; and thou, remembering,
Mightst send some token to a friend to keep.

A friend, — O sacred word of depth divine !
Passion may fade as fadeth pale moonshine,
And glories fail from off the earth and sea,
But what shall hinder us, if unto me
Thou say, — "I am thy friend, and thou art
mine?"

Love halteth trembling at the Gates of Life,
Afraid to enter, since her heat is strife,
And she transfused is with earth's unrest ;
But for us, friend, it hath long since been
best, —
Love past a long while since, when Love was
rife.

O friend ! — they say, that thou art drifting
past —

Let but a whisper from thy lips be cast,
And I will thither come with eager feet,
And search about thee, dead, for that one
sweet, —

And know that it is mine, and hold it fast !

Trouble thee would I not, that know, dear
friend ;

Only before the silence of the end
Speak ! since forevermore mine ear must be
Racked with the silence of Eternity !
And I, — I have but this pale rose to send !

II.

At night, as I lay still upon my bed,
Weary of thinking of a friend long dead,
And of a message that I sent to him, —
Of the no-answer that he, passing, sent
Of the all-darkness of the way he went,
Tears, spent for friendship, made mine eyes
grow dim. —

When on my window-sill I heard the moan
Of a meek dove, that in sad undertone
Complained most piteously. "O dove ! " I
said,

"Torment me not, for friends have been un-
true,

And Love in dying slayeth friendship too,
And faith of mine is buried with my dead."

But then it seemed God touched my stubborn
ear,

And all my soul awoke, and I could hear
Divinest answer coming in the moan.

"O friend ! " the answer said, "thou falsely
true !

Thou stirrest ever my repose anew."

(And then there came a thrilling in the tone,) —

"What tidings wouldst thou have ? From me
to thee

Never can message come o'er land or sea.
Living I found no speech to frame my soul,
And all my soul is thine ! And entered
here,

I find it even so. In this pure sphere
Love rangeth ever, knowing no control,

"But that which thou didst know of old on
earth

Is born again ; and from the second birth
Stands measureless of stature, grown divine !

If on the earth and in my dying hour
Words none had I, nor yet could find a
flower

To take a message to one friend of mine,

"How shall it be that this unfathomed Love
Should find its token in the heaven above,
Or in the earth beneath me, or the sea ?

We lived long years of silence there below, —
O be content ! and for thy healing know
Silence alone hath voice to answer thee ! "

Spectator.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

SONNET.

I FELT a spirit of love begin to stir
Within my heart, long time unfelt till then ;
And saw Love coming towards me, fair and
fain

(That I scarce knew him for his joyful cheer),
Saying, "Be now indeed my worshipper !"
And in his speech he laugh'd and laugh'd
again.

Then, while it was his pleasure to remain,
I chanced to look the way he had drawn near,
And saw the Ladies Joan and Beatrice
Approach me, this the other following,
One and a second marvel instantly.

And even as now my memory speaketh this,
Love spake it then : "The first is christened
Spring ;

The second Love, she is so like to me."

Dante, Translated by Rossetti.

From The Quarterly Review.
ENGLISH VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.*

THE writer of *vers de société* (for which we have no corresponding term in the English language) stands in the same relation to the audience of the *salon* and the club as the ballad-writer to that of the alehouse and the street. The one circle is more cultivated than the other, but the poet must equally reflect its tone, think its thoughts, and speak its language. Not a few of the brightest specimens of this poetry are of anonymous authorship. Many of its best writers whose names have been recorded were not professed poets, but courtiers, statesmen, divines, soldiers, wits, or "men about town," who combined with their intimate knowledge and quick observation of the world a sufficient facility in the production of easy sparkling verse to win the ear of their circle. Whenever, as has often been the case in our literary history, a poet of high genius or graceful accomplishment has cultivated this branch of the art, he has not failed to enrich it with his own peculiar charm. But, as Isaac D'Israeli has pointed out in his essay on the subject, the possession of genius is "not always sufficient to impart that grace of amenity" which is essentially characteristic of verse "consecrated to the amusement of society. Compositions of this kind, effusions of the heart and pictures of the imagination, produced in the convivial, the amatory, and the pensive hour," demand, as he goes on to show, rather the skill of a man of the world than a man of letters. "The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste, one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature." †

Mr. Locker, in his admirable preface to

the volume that heads our list, has expanded a similar view with copious illustration. He is careful to remark that while in this species of verse "a boudoir decorum is or ought always to be preserved, where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment," it "need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life, but subjects of the most exalted and of the most trivial character may be treated with equal success," provided the conditions of the art be duly observed. What those conditions are he proceeds to show. His definition of them is straiter than Isaac D'Israeli's, and somewhat too exacting, for it would be easy to prove that many of the poems admitted into his collection do not unreservedly comply with them. A certain "conversational" tone, as he notes, generally pertains to the best *vers de société*. The qualities essential to the successful conduct of conversation will accordingly be observed in them, — *savoir-faire*, sprightliness, brevity, or neatness of expression. Humour, the salt of well-bred conversation, is one of their commonest characteristics; and egotism, a *souffron* of which is never grudging to an agreeable talker, frequently lends them flavour and piquancy. But these are not indispensable ingredients. Such verse is as often purely sentimental, and may at times be tinged, although not too strongly, with the emotion of which sentiment is but the mental *simulacrum*. No precise definition, indeed, is possible of a poetry so volatile, a wind-sown seed of fancy, for which circumstance serves as soil and opportunity as sun, and that varies with the nature of its subject, the disposition of its writer, and still more the temper of its age.

This brings us to what we deem the special feature that distinguishes it from other branches of the art, its representative value as a reflection of history. To this aspect of the subject, upon which we doubt if sufficient stress has yet been laid, the following observations must mainly be devoted. The remark already made respecting the living interest of the poetry of society applies with equal force

* 1. *Lyra Elegantiarum; a Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société, &c.* Edited by Frederick Locker. London, 1867.

2. *Ballads.* By W. M. Thackeray. London, 1856.

3. *London Lyrics.* By Frederick Locker. Sixth Edition. London, 1873.

4. *Verses and Translations.* By C. S. C. Second Edition. Cambridge, 1862.

5. *Fly-leaves.* By C. S. C. Cambridge, 1872.

6. *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société.* By Austin Dobson. London, 1873.

† "Literary Miscellanies" (Edition of 1863), p. 308.

to its historical interest. Since the days of Horace and Martial it has owed this less to the genius and culture of its authors, great as they have often been, than to the abstract merit of its faithfulness as a contemporary mirror and chronograph of manners. We use the word manners here in its largest sense, as the external index of the moral and intellectual, religious and political standards accepted at a given epoch. How strongly imprinted upon the face of a literature are the characteristics of the national life whence it has sprung; how closely interwoven with its fabric are the beliefs and habits, the aspirations and tendencies, which have acquired for the people that produced it their particular place in history, has been demonstrated by such critics as M. Taine from abundant resources upon an extensive scale. The same thesis, however, may admit of illustration within the limits of a province so restricted as that of *vers de société*; and in the volume which we have selected as a text-book, the materials have been so skilfully brought together, that the task of assortment for this purpose is comparatively easy. The development of our national character during the last three centuries, the changes which the canons of literary taste, the standards of social morality, the relations of the sexes, and the equilibrium of political forces, have severally undergone in the interval, may here be traced with the least possible fatigue by the light of the most fascinating of studies.

If the lines of Skelton ("Merry Margaret"), with which the "Lyra Elegantiarum" fitly opens, quaint with insular mannerism and racy of Chaucer's English, mark the stagnant condition of our literature since the impulse imparted to that master's genius by the dawning of the Renaissance in Italy, the accompanying lines of Surrey ("The means to attain happy Life") and of Wyatt ("The one he would love") owe their thoughtful calm and grave sweetness to the influence of that revival at its noontide, and a closer study of those Italian models which were still the criterion of literary art in Europe. The luxuriant verdure

into which our poetry burgeoned under its radiance, in an atmosphere purified by the Reformation of religion, is favourably illustrated in the specimen-lyrics here given of the Elizabethan era. Of the manifold elements which then contributed to the abounding wealth of national life, not a few are thus represented. The courtesy and constancy of which Sidney was the foremost type are as manifest in his love-songs ("The Serenade" and "A Ditty") as in the career which closed so gallantly at Zutphen. Raleigh's philosophical "Description of Love," and "Nymph's reply to the passionate Shepherd," reminds us that the brilliant courtier and adventurous voyager was at the same time the historian of the world. The verses attributed to Shakespeare, to which the latter poem is a reply, "My flocks feed not," and Breton's charming madrigal, "In the merry month of May," introduce us into the fictitious Arcadia created by Spenser and Sidney, which, however graceful in its origin as an idyllic reflection of the chivalric revival, subsequently degenerated into so poor a sham. There is a truer ring, an unaffected smack of the soil, in such poems as Robert Greene's "Happy as a Shepherd" and "Content," wherein the healthy ideal of a country life, for which Englishmen have ever cherished an avowed or a secret yearning, is depicted in admired contrast with the delights of a palace. There is scarcely a period in our literature when the lips of courtiers and statesmen, wits and worldlings, have not, in some form or other, echoed the sentiment of these lines:—

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss,
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

The rough strength and unspoilt grace which were so kindly tempered in Ben Jonson by the addition of classical culture, make themselves felt in such lyrics as "To Celia" and "Charis," more than one counterpart to which the Editor might have extracted from "The Forest" and "Underwoods." The conceits of

Carew, on the other hand ("Ask me no more," &c.), seem to betray his infection with the false taste which the "Euphuës" of Lyly has the discredit of introducing into Elizabethan English. The contemporary poems of Sir Robert Ayton are admirable examples of that purer style which had arisen with Surrey and was to culminate with Milton. Their burden of woman's inconstancy and man's self-respecting dignity ("I loved thee once," and "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair") is a favourite theme with the poets of this period, and marks a reaction against the exaggerated ideal of womanhood, which, among other incidents of the Neo-chivalry, Spenser, Sidney, and their fellows had loyally striven to restore. George Wither's "Shall I, wasting in despair," which breathes of the writer's ante-Puritan days, is the best-known embodiment of this reactionary spirit. It is but a mild prelude to the tone of jovial recklessness and *de haut en bas* gallantry running through the lyrics of Sir John Suckling. No more characteristic *vers de société* than his "Careless Lover," "Why so pale?" "Out upon it, I have loved," "The Siege," and "Love and Debt," are to be found in the language. The opening verse of the latter, with its pious aspiration —

That I were fairly out of debt
As I am out of love,

echoes the living voice of the roistering cavalier, as light-hearted in the day of prosperity as he was free-handed. The loyal devotion of which that type was capable in the crisis of adversity imparts the glow of inspiration to the exquisite poems of Lovelace. His "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind," and "To Althæa from prison," familiar as a household word in every line, are instinct with that charm of emotional nobleness of which the thousandth repetition never makes us weary.

More completely representative of the Cavalier poets is Herrick, of whose delicious lyrics this volume affords many examples. Alike in his chivalrous loyalty avowed the most openly when Fortune was the least favourable to his cause, his outbursts of devotional feeling, his lapses

into the grossest sensualism, his robust English instincts, his refined classic culture, his absorption in the pursuit of individual pleasure and blindness to the signs of national distress, he aptly exemplifies a party whose aspect of moral and intellectual paradox is its distinguishing note in history. Of the disastrous defeat which, owing to this instability, his party suffered at the hands of the earnest, strait-laced Puritans, "men of one idea," Herrick bore his full share. Had his political sympathies been less pronounced than they were, such an amorous bacchanalian priest would never have been allowed to hold the cure of souls at Dean Prior while a "painful preacher of the Word" could be found to take his place. To the pressure of poverty consequent upon his supersession and exile in London, we owe the publication of his "Noble Numbers," a collection exclusively sacred, in 1647, and his "Hesperides," a collection miscellaneous and profane, in 1648. It is significant of the writer's character that the former opens with his prayer for the Divine forgiveness of the very

unbaptized rhymes

Writ in my wild unhallowed times,

which in the following year he permitted himself to include within the latter. "Unbaptized," in the strictest sense of the word, many of these verses assuredly are. The poet in his distress seems to have raked together every scrap that he had written, and mingled the freshest tokens of his inspiration with the sickliest and the foulest records of his bad taste, without any attempt at assortment. Whatever drawback be allowed for the inconsistency of the poet and the inequality of his verse, the "Hesperides" will still be cherished among our most precious lyrical treasures. Herrick is eminent among those poets of society whose art has a special charm irrespective of its representative or historical interest. That quality which is universally recognized as grace, undefinable but unmistakable as an aroma, seldom deserts him even when his theme is the coarsest. In choice simplicity of language and orderly freedom of versification few of our

highest poets have equalled him. These merits are most observable in the poems that approach nearest to classic models; as, for example, the idyll of "Corinna's going a-maying," and the elegiac verses "To Perilla;"* but his least studied effusions bear marks of the same training. Take, for instance, these lines "To Dianeme:"—

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, — yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

In his erotics, which form nine-tenths of the "Hesperides," tender feeling and delicate fancy are too often tainted with an impurity that it is difficult to eliminate, but there are a few like the following, which contain not a word that could be wished away:—

THE BRACELET.

Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't,
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art? —
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee, —
Snap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me:
I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go:
If I could, I would not so!

Although as a painter of manners Herrick has left no single sketch so complete as Suckling's famous "Ballad on a Wedding," his profuse allusions to contemporary customs, games, articles of dress, furniture, and viands, afford ample materials from which a picture of his times may be constructed. The lewdness that had been fatal to him under the Commonwealth was no doubt the ground of his popularity under the Restoration; a popularity to which no consideration of the obligations involved in his calling can be supposed to have offered any hindrance. His poetry thus acquires an

historical significance greater than would otherwise belong to it.

The excess of the carnal over the spiritual element in the prevalent conception of love, may explain the degeneration of feeling into sentiment, and of fancy into ornament, that characterizes the erotic poetry of the Restoration. Sedley, Rochester, and Etherege scarcely pretend to passion, and are content to display their skill in concealing its absence under the glitter of verbal smartness. One unique example, Waller's charming poem on a girdle, redeems the cycle of contemporary love-verse from a wholesale charge of insincerity:—

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Lord Dorset's "Phyllis, for shame!" has also an echo of truth in its tone of grave remonstrance with a half-hearted mistress, while his spirited lyric, "To all you Ladies now on Land," written on the eve of a naval engagement with the Dutch, affords a rare glimpse of the healthy English temper which not all the corruption of Court-life and the decadence of statesmanly honour under the later Stuarts had been able to vitiate. Of the greatest poets of the age we find but scanty record in the "Lyra." Milton is wholly absent. Dryden is only represented by two frigid pieces of sentiment and one fine fragment, "Fortune," which scarcely belongs to the category of *vers de société*. Cowley, however, appears to better advantage in his graceful poem, "A Wish," wherein the ideal of rural contentment, so dear to the national imagination, reappears under conditions as little favourable as possible to its birth and culture.

The influence that has left most trace upon the social poetry of the next generation is that of the sovereignty which France imposed upon our morals and taste at the very time when we had dethroned her from the empire of land and sea. The prevalence of a cynical, selfish view of life, of a practical contempt

* The description of morning-dew in the former,

"Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair . . .

The childhood of the day hath kept

Against you come some orient pearls unwept;"

and the phrase applied to death in the latter,

"The cool and silent shades of sleep,"

may serve as illustrations of his exquisite diction.

veiled under a theoretical reverence for virtue, the superiority of wit to truth, of manner to matter, are salient features in the lighter literature of the time. The frivolity and caprice of fashion which Addison and Steele unweariedly commemorated in easy and graceful prose, as if the scope of human activity contained no other theme of equal interest, were immortalized by Prior and Pope in airy and sparkling verse. Foreign words and phrases, appropriate to their subject, then openly intruded into the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and have left an impression of affectation and sickness upon a literature otherwise manly and sound. We shall be understood as referring only to its intellectual characteristics; sound, in a moral sense, being the last epithet that could justly be applied to such a writer as Prior. He represents but too faithfully the standard of contemporary society. The duplicity of eminent statesmen and officials, the tolerance extended in the highest circles to the grosser vices, and the lewdness accepted as indispensable to the attractions of fiction and the drama, form a dark background to the glories which science and philosophy, strategy and policy, have shed upon our "Augustan" age. The shadow falls upon the career and is reflected in the verse of Prior. Shifty and brilliant in public, licentious and urbane in private life, he wrote as he lived. Wit and worldly wisdom, the Epicurean's creed and the sensualist's experience, are embodied in lyrics worthy of Horace, and epigrams only excelled by Pope. "Dear Chloe," "The Merchant to secure his treasure," and "The Secretary," are of course included in the "Lyra;" but we wonder at the omission of a poem so characteristic of the writer's elegant insincerity as the lines addressed to a lady who broke off an argument which she had commenced with him. The following are amongst its best verses:—

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd;
To keep the beautiful foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight:
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

The admirable burlesque of Boileau's "Ode on the taking of Namur" might well have been added to the political poems in Mr. Locker's collection, and the select epigrams which illustrate the philosophy of "Carpe diem" include none happier than this paraphrase of the kindred axiom, "Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere:"—

For what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose;
England may change or Chloe stray:
Love and life are for to-day.

Prior's miscellaneous poems, the outcome of a rapid and shrewd observation incessantly at work during a vicissitous career as man of letters, diplomatist, placeman, and pensioner, contain many a life-like sketch of the phenomena and characters of his time; of the vices in which passion ran riot, and the follies in which *ennui* sought distraction; of the empty braggarts who set up for wits, and the painted hags who posed as beauties. If his satires upon the aristocratic world portray its worst side and excite our disgust, his familiar epistles incidentally disclose another side which deserves our admiration. The relation between men of rank and men of genius, heretofore one of ostentatious protection on the part of the patron and obsequious dependence on that of the client, could scarcely have been in a healthier condition than when Prior, Pope, and Swift associated with Oxford and Bolingbroke, Addison and Steele with Halifax and Somers; when mental equality effaced social inequality, and an honourable interchange was effected between intelligent sympathy and well-judging generosity on the one side, and self-respectful friendship and unconvoluted gratitude on the other.

The miscellaneous poems of Pope are so familiarly known that there is no need to dwell upon their abundant illustrations of contemporary manners. Though properly excluded from the "Lyra" by their length and elaboration, the "Rape of the Lock" and some of the satires are *vers de société* of the highest order. The impression which they leave differs little from that conveyed by the poems of Prior as to the moral unsoundness underlying the intellectual brilliance of the age: a condition to which the *fidiosyncrasy* of

the poet, after the light recently thrown upon it by Mr. Elwin, must be admitted to afford a parallel. In the verse of Pope, however, as in that of Prior and the less polished but not less vigorous verse of Swift, there are distinct signs of healthier influences being at work. The standard of mental and moral culture which men demanded of women, and women were willing to attain, must have risen considerably above that of the previous generation,* before a writer so conversant with the world as Pope would have expected a female audience for his second "Essay," or a wit like Swift have dreamed of addressing his mistress in the strain of the birthday-lines "To Stella." Gross on the one hand and fulsome on the other as the tone of "Augustan" literature often is when its theme is womanhood, the height to which some of its best writers show themselves capable of rising marks a sensible approach towards that ideal of sexual relations —

Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities —

which it has been the proud boast of our own day to recognize more approximately.

Indications of the effect produced by the great constitutional crisis through which the nation had recently passed, of a diffusion of sympathy due to the unanimity with which liberty had been welcomed, and the need of maintaining it against a common foe, of the relaxation of the barriers between social grades, are perceptible in such poems as Swift's "Hamilton's Bawn" and "Mrs. Harris's Petition." His representation of the footing upon which masters stood with their servants, Prior's portraiture in "Down Hall" of the good fellowship subsisting between townsmen and rustics, and Addison's sketch in "Sir Roger de Coverley" of the squire's relations with his tenants, point, each in a different direction, to the prevalence of a national good-humour. How "slow to move," on the other hand, the English temperament has always been in obliterating class-distinctions and removing admitted anomalies, the two poems just named illustrate with equal clearness. The social status of the clergy, as Macaulay from ample materials describes it to have been in the reign of Charles II.,† cannot have sensibly improved at a time when Swift represents a chaplain in a noble family as des-

tined for marriage with the housemaid, a captain of cavalry as taking precedence of a Dean at dinner and setting the table in a roar by ridicule of his cloth.

As the eighteenth century advances the fervour of political feeling became prominent in its *vers de société*. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's defence of Sir Robert Walpole ("Such were the lively Eyes"), and Garrick's "Advice to the Marquis of Rockingham," may pair with Sir C. Hanbury Williams' bitter diatribes upon Pulteney, as average specimens of their class, the fault of both the praise and the blame being that they are too obviously personal to be historically trustworthy. The blind violence of party-spirit in this age, and the difficulty that a statesman had to meet in obtaining a fair trial or a candid estimate of his policy, are excellently portrayed in the following stanzas from the pen of a neutral bystander whose name has not been handed down to us : —

Know, minister ! whate'er you plan, —
What'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction ;
Though of clean hand and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together ;
For continental measures some,
And some cry, keep your troops at home,
And some are pleased with neither.

Lo, a militia guards the land !
Thousands applaud your saving hand,
And hail you their protector ;
While thousands censure and defame,
And brand you with the hideous name
Of state-quack and projector. . . .

Corruption's influence you despise ; —
These lift your glory to the skies,
Those pluck your glory down :
So strangely different is the note
Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
And scoundrels that have none.

The prevalence of drinking-songs among Georgian lyrics has an obviously political connection. With a Pretender Charles Stuart over the water, and a Patriot Jack Wilkes at home, no sturdy Constitutionalist wanted an excuse or lost an opportunity of celebrating "Church and King" in toast and chorus. There is an echo of their hearty English voices in such a rough carol as the following : —

Then him let's commend
That is true to his friend
And the Church and the Senate would settle ;

* Compare Macaulay's "History of England" (New Edition), i. pp. 192-3.

† "Hist. Eng." (New Edition), i. p. 160.

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he should,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
Nor at politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow,
But takes a full glass
To his country's success, —
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

The national prejudice against the Scotch, which was inflamed by the Jacobite rebellions and envenomed by the administration of Lord Bute, lends a spice of malice to Goldsmith's kindly satire in "The Retaliation" and "The Haunch of Venison," and even ruffles the urbane temper of Lord Chesterfield in "Lord Islay's Garden." Its manifestation among less restrained writers, such as the author of the lines on the construction of the Adelphi Terrace, is all but malignant: —

Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who kept their coaches for their madams,
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
Have stole the very river from us.

O Scotland! long it has been said
Thy teeth are sharp for English bread;
What! seize our bread and water too,
And use us worse than jailers do!
'Tis true 'tis hard! 'tis hard 'tis true!

Ye friends of George and friends of James,
Envy us not our river Thames:
The Princess, fond of raw-boned faces,
May give you all our posts and places;
Take all — to gratify your pride,
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.

That heartiness in love as well as hate, the frank, homely simplicity which are among the pleasantest traits of the eighteenth-century John Bull, as we recognize him in the novels of Fielding and Smollett, find genial expression in the verse of — Collins. It is strange enough that the author of such capital verse as "The Golden Farmer," "Good old Things," and "To-morrow," should, after the lapse of a century, be so little known that one can only distinguish him from his greater contemporary by leaving a blank for his Christian name.* Here again the rural ideal shows itself, and in the most natural form, affording the strongest contrast to the unreality of artifice and sentiment to which Shenstone and his fellows had reduced "Arcadian" poetry. In skilful hands, however, this verse, insipid as it is when its theme is

love, and maudlin when devoted to elegiacs upon furred and feathered pets, does not want certain compensating graces of style and rhythm. An example offers in Gray's lines "On the Death of a favourite Cat," the elegant humour of which Horace Walpole closely approaches in his "Entail," a fable of a butterfly. Sentiment passes into the region of feeling with Cowper, upon whose tender heart, and keen though clouded intelligence, the contemporary revival of religion was efficacious alike for good and evil.

If the atmospheric clearance effected by the great revolutionary storm wherein the eighteenth century closed had less marked an influence upon *vers de société* than any other province of poetry, it was doubtless because the class which comprehended their principal writers was the first to resist the political and social changes thus inaugurated. But the process of resistance itself evoked an outburst of energy which has left its precipitate in the most spirited satire perhaps ever written in English. The drollery of invention, the deftness of wit, which Frere and Canning infused into "The Anti-Jacobin," must have gone far, one would think, to assuage the smart of the wounds inflicted by their shafts. "The needy Knife-grinder," "The Student of Göttingen," and "The Loves of the Triangles," have, for three-quarters of a century at all events, been the common property of lovers of laughter to whatever party belonging. The two first-named and other specimens of Canning's vein of comedy fine a worthy place in Mr. Locker's miscellany, but are too well known to justify extraction. Though wit and humour were the literary weapons which the Tory champions found fittest for political warfare, the conflict both to them and their opponents was none the less one of grim earnest. The inevitable effect of this earnestness on both parties was a relinquishment of conventionality and affectation, a return to nature and simplicity. The poets who drew their original inspiration from Liberal ideas — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Southey, and Landor — were the first to indicate the healthy change; but once manifested, its spread was contagious, nor in those who experienced it did any reactionary current ever induce a relapse. The Tory Scott is as clearly under its influence as the Republican Shelley, and its sway over a poet so unspiritual as Moore is potent enough to colour his sentiment with an

* A contemporary namesake, Mr. Mortimer Collins, has identified him with John Collins, a Birmingham bookseller, journalist, and actor.

emotional tinge. The sham Arcadia has vanished, and men and women, no longer masking as nymphs and swains, are clothed and in their right mind. The literary properties which had endured so long a tenure of favour are utterly discredited, and, except in the province of burlesque, it might be difficult to find a poem of the present century that contains an invocation to the Muse or a reference to Cupid's dart. The languid, frigid tones of the eighteenth-century lover are exchanged for accents so suffused with tender feeling as Lander's or so charged with fervid passion as those of Byron. Compare any love-poem of the three preceding generations with the following of Lander's, and the difference in kind is at once apparent : —

Ianthe ! you are called to cross the sea !
 A path forbidden *me* !
 Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
 Upon the mountain-heads,
 How often we have watcht him laying down
 His brow, and dropt our own
 Against each other's, and how faint and short
 And sliding the support !
 What will succeed it now ? Mine is unblest,
 Ianthe ! nor will rest
 But in the very thought that swells with pain.
 O bid me hope again !
 O give me back what Earth, what (without
 you)
 Not Heaven itself can do ;
 One of the golden days that we have past ;
 And let it be my last !
 Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
 Fragile and incomplete.

Proud word you never spake, but you will
 speak
 Four not exempt from pride some future
 day.
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
 Over my open volume, you will say,
 "This man loved me !" — then rise and trip
 away.

Perhaps no poet of the revolutionized *régime* displays its characteristics more clearly than Lander. He brought, indeed, the courtly manners and graceful scholarship of the previous generation to clothe the thoughts and feelings of his own ; but his fine perception enabled him to discard all that was out of keeping, and his thorough saturation with the modern spirit is always apparent, however antique may be the form adopted.

The chief poets of the century were usually occupied with enterprises of greater pith than the composition of *vers de société*, and their names rarely figure in Mr. Locker's catalogue ; but the impulse

that first animated them has extended to their lightest efforts, and Coleridge's "Something childish" and Wordsworth's "Dear Child of Nature" bear the date of their production on their face as manifestly as "The Ancient Mariner" or "Tintern Abbey." The *vers de société* of their minor contemporaries are stamped with the same impression. Charles Lamb's quaint tenderness is well represented by his "Hester," and Leigh Hunt's playful archness by his rondo, "Jenny kissed me." Peacock's "Love and Age," which we regret not having space to extract, is another exquisite example of the modern infusion of feeling into a theme on which a writer of the previous century would have been merely rhapsodical. What traces of the old school of sentiment are still left appear in the smooth grace of Rogers and the faded prettiness of William Spencer, while the unrefined humour which accompanied it finds its last representative in Captain Morris, in whose lyrics the "man about town" of the Regency lounges and swaggers to the life.

In that brighter vein of humour which is little affected by social changes, and sparkles freely under all conditions in impromptu and epigram, few professional jesters have attained more distinction than one of the gravest of functionaries, Lord Chancellor Erskine. Among the best of his recorded verses is that composed while listening to the tedious argument of a counsel which detained him on the woollack until past the hour when he was engaged to a turtle dinner in the City. Being observed busily writing, he was supposed to be taking a note of the cause, but Lord Holland, who caught sight of his note-book, found that it contained the following : —

Oh that thy cursed balderdash
 Were swiftly changed to callipash !
 Thy bands so stiff and snug toupee
 Corrected were to callipee ;
 That since I can nor dine nor sup,
 I might arise and eat thee up ! *

The energy of the poetic reformation sensibly abated with the growth of the century, and a period of conventionality ensued, which was marked by a copious increase of "boudoir" literature, as flimsy in texture as it was showy in pattern. In the hands of one gifted writer, however, whose capacity for higher effort was perhaps thwarted in its development by a

* Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 659.

premature death, this tawdry literature attained a temporary lustre. The sententiousness of Crabbe, the romanticism of Scott, and the sentiment of Byron, seem to have been Præd's literary nurture; but he brought wit, observation, scholarship, and experience to assimilate and modify them. His early sketches remind us of the first, his legends of the second, his lyrics of the third; but in each there are features which do not belong to the original, and distinguish the artist from the imitator. In the style which he subsequently perfected, antithetical in construction and pointed in phrasing, pungent in satire or playful in raillery, always clear and exquisitely versified, he has probably never had a superior. No observer of the outer side of life has painted more finished pictures than his of a London drawing-room—the manners and customs of well-bred English men and women between 1825 and 1835. Of a society which had outlived its appetite for vice without acquiring a healthy taste, which still maintained the institutions of the duel and the gaming-house, which had worshipped Brummell and was ready to worship D'Orsay, which had originated the exclusiveness and still upheld the tyranny of Almack's, in which such a creation as "Pelham" could be set up as a typical gentleman, in which the mediævalism of Scott was more admired than his characterization, and the introspection of Byron than his passion—of such a society Præd was a fitly representative poet. The licentious tone which had prevailed during the Regency having died out of its own excess, left behind it a prevailing taint of unearnestness which found expression in mere frivolity. Infected with the fashionable taste, yet half-ashamed of it, Præd laughs gently in his sleeve at the follies which he gravely affects to chronicle. His "Good-night to the Season" (which, to our surprise, Mr. Locker does not extract) and "Our Ball" are master-pieces in this mock-serious vein. "A Letter of Advice" from a young lady to her friend on the choice of a husband, is less veiled in its satire. How humorously the sham-romantic ideals of friendship and love, destined to extinction in a *mariage de convenance*, are ridiculed in these verses:—

O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear "Lalla Rookh"!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pot-
tage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;

How fondly our loving lips falter'd
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same;—is yours alter'd?
My own Araminta, say "No!" . . .

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My dear Araminta, say "No!"

Præd's skill in pasquinade found ample scope for its exercise in the arena of politics. His sympathies, after his twenty-ninth year, were avowedly enlisted on the side of the Tories in their resistance to the march of innovation, and his winged arrows of wit were gallantly, if unavailingly, employed in their service. The only specimen of his political verse given in the "Lyra" is the piece addressed to the Speaker on seeing him asleep in the (Reformed) House of Commons. The two last stanzas are the best:—

Sleep, Mr. Speaker! Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon:
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteenpence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

The conflict of parties to which these verses refer inspired the worthiest ambitions and absorbed the best energies that society was then putting forth. Wit and humour know no political monopoly, and Præd was doubtless the first to admire the spirited sallies of satire that issued from the Liberal camp, during the agitations which preceded the enactments of Catholic Emancipation and Reform. Moore's "King Crack and his Idols," Macaulay's "Cambridge Election Ballad," and Peacock's "Fate of a Broom," have an ingenuity in their cari-

cature and an absence of malice about their hearty invective that bespeak the writers' training in the school of the "Anti-Jacobin's" swordsmen.

The *bourgeois* tone inevitably attending the influx of a democratic wave makes its presence felt in the *vers de société* of James Smith, Barham, and Hood, where puns and slang are too often substituted for wit. To Hood's poetic gifts, however, the extracts given in the "Lyra" do scanty justice. He had a true grace and fancy, of which they afford no indication. The extracts given from Barham do him more than justice, since they convey no idea of the coarseness which was a decided drawback to his fun. A trace of this mars one's enjoyment of some of Thackeray's genuinely humorous pieces. Its worst example is "The White Squall," which describes a passage across the Channel in language as unrefined as it is graphic, but the touch of tenderness in the closing verse redeems it:—

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

It is noticeable how much less pronounced Thackeray's cynical tone is in his verses than in the province of fiction wherein his chief laurels have been won. The interfusion of pathos and humour above exemplified is often skilfully contrived, especially in the "Ballad of Bouilabaisse" and "The cane-bottomed Chair." Of his purely tender mood, "At the Church-gate," the reverie of a lover who sees his lady enter the minster, is a delicate example. A more familiar chord is struck in "Vanitas Vanitatum":—

O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are! . . .

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

The only other representative poet of society belonging to our own time whose name occurs in Mr. Locker's volume is

Arthur Clough, of whom "Spectator ab extra" is a fairly characteristic lyric. It affords a glimpse of that deep-searching scepticism which now threatens to penetrate the most cherished of our social institutions, a tone of that deep-seated earnestness veiled in irony by which more than one contemporary teacher has won the public ear.

Such are a few of the side-lights of history which a rapid run through the pages of the "Lyra Elegantiarum" admits of our discerning. Mr. Locker does not include any living poets in his list, nor could he have done so without heading it with his own name. Though far from being a mere poet of society, he has devoted himself so steadily to the rôle of its lyrist, and as yet maintained his pre-eminence against all subsequent competitors, that no survey of the subject would be complete without some notice of his distinguishing traits. To estimate them fairly involves a consideration of the prevailing tone of contemporary society.

The observation long ago made upon us that we "take our pleasures sadly, after the manner of the nation," may have been intended as a reproach, but we have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is assuredly as true of us now as it ever was. The moods of frivolity in which we occasionally indulge seem to be borrowed from the Continent, and are as transient as other imported fashions. The shadow of the end and "the burden of the mystery" are forever recurring to our minds, not to extinguish our mirth, but to control its manifestations, and suggest the reflections which it is only madness to ignore. That the tendency to dwell upon the serious aspect of life has been for some years past upon the increase, we think there can be no doubt. The growing appetite for scientific, metaphysical, and theological speculation, no longer confined to the learned, but shared by all the educated classes; the interest now taken in political, educational, and sanitary questions by the sex hitherto indifferent to study, and satisfied with supremacy in accomplishments; the grave, even sombre cast of the poetry in the first or second rank which has been most widely read, "The Idylls of the King," "The Ring and the Book," "Aurora Leigh," "The Spanish Gipsy," "The Earthly Paradise," "Atlanta in Calydon;" the perpetual contrasts of tragedy with comedy offered in the pages of our most popular novelists—George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens,

Mr. Trollope, Mr. W. Collins — and the tendency which the greatest of them display to the manufacture of "novels with a purpose;" the successful cultivation of high art by such painters as Mr. Watts, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Poynter; the long popularity of the "domestic drama," and the reaction which the degradation of farce into burlesque has created in favour of classical comedy: all these are signs in the same direction. Not, indeed, that the moralist, *pur et simple*, has a better chance of obtaining an audience in this than in a less serious age. We want our pills, and are even anxious to take them, but it is indispensable that they should be silvered.

A writer who, like Mr. Locker, comes forward in a jester's motley, but continually betrays the preacher's cassock beneath it, and is gifted with a vein of pathos that dominates without depressing his sense of humour, may fitly appeal to the sympathy of a society thus predisposed. The six editions of his "London Lyrics," a number reached by no other volume of *vers de société* in our time, attest that he has thus appealed with success. Of such of his poems as are purely pathetic, we do not propose to speak. "Implora pace," "Her quiet Resting-place," and some others are expressions of personal feeling that no one would think of classing in the category to which the majority of his lyrics belong. The characteristic aroma of the latter cannot better be described than in the writer's own words: —

The wisely gay, as years advance,
Are gaily wise. Whate'er befall
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple, —
At yours, at mine; our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

I'm fond of fun, the mental dew
Where wit and truth and ruth are blent. . . .

I've laughed to hide the tear I shed;
As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
We hear the jingle of his bells.

A cheerful philosopher, persuaded that the destiny of the world is in better hands than his own, yet interested in all that concerns it, he devotes to its advantage, by way either of sympathy or satire, the resources of a genuine poetic faculty. The gifts which make up his credentials have been singly possessed by one or other of his predecessors, some of whom have added qualifications that he lacks,

but none, we think, have equalled him in combining so much of what is excellent with so little an admixture of what is inferior. The writers of whom he most frequently reminds us are Herrick, Prior, Præd, and Thackeray. By the first he is surpassed in delicacy of fancy and lyrical skill, but he has equal tenderness and simplicity, and excels in humour and refinement. The humour both of Prior and Thackeray is more genial, but it is less refined than Mr. Locker's: Præd's wit is unapproached by him, but he adds the pathos which both Prior and Præd want, and the music and finish of which Thackeray has little. In irony, whether playful or earnest, we do not know his superior, the satirists who usually employ it being too apt to be either cynical or ponderous. The best-known example of his peculiar manner is the poem on a Skull, but the same blending of a sardonic with an emotional vein characterizes "The Skeleton in the Cupboard," from which we extract one or two verses: —

We all have secrets: you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming
spouse's;

We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses. . . .

Your neighbour Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich and brave as Hector, —
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
So hoarding is his ruling passion; —
Some gloomy souls anticipate
A waistcoat, straiter than the fashion!

Childless she pines, that lonely wife,
And secret tears are bitter shedding; —
Hector may tremble all his life,
And die, — but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the world! How fast it spins!
The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.

We toil, we groan: — the cry for love
Mounts upward from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.

His dexterity in making the jester's privilege a cloak for the moralist is shown in the poem of "Beggars," which analyzes in a parable the selfishness that lurks under the shelter of science; a similar service being rendered to the irrationalists in the piece called "An old Buffer." Of his playful-pathetic mood,

"To my Grandmother" is one of the most charming examples : —

This relative of mine,
Was she seventy and nine
When she died ?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste ;
What an arm ! and what a waist
For an arm !

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
Falbala, —
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love ;
They are parting ! Do they move ?
Are they dumb ?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say "Come." . . .

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime !
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst. . . .

Ah, perishable clay !
Her charms had drop'd away
One by one ;
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest, —
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

"Gerty's Glove" and "Geraldine and I" are favourable specimens of the dainty grace which he can throw into a love-lyric ; "The Bear-pit" and "My First-born," of the genuine fun which he can extract from the ordinary incidents of life. Clearness and simplicity of language, polish and fluency of versification, are qualities that belong to his poems generally. He usually adopts a tone of kindly banter that diffuses itself in *nuances* of expression, and avoids epigram as too harsh a medium, but now and then knots his lash and leaves a mark not easily to be effaced. For such a quatrain

and couplet as the following it is scarcely hazardous to predict proverbiality : —

They eat and drink and scheme and plod
And go to church on Sunday ;
And many are afraid of God
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

The Cockney met in Middlesex or Surrey
Is often cold and always in a hurry.

Bringing the powers which these poems illustrate to bear upon the themes most likely to interest London society, the scenes and figures most familiar to its denizens, the love-histories transacted in their midst, the pleasures they most eagerly pursue, the sorrows they are too prone to neglect, Mr. Locker has condensed within one little volume what is not only accepted by his contemporaries, but we doubt not will be regarded by future historians, as a vivid and varied picture of Victorian life and manners. This position we think is secured to it by its evident freedom from caricature, a merit so seldom belonging to the observations of an everyday humourist. The sympathy between class and class, which is one of the healthiest symptoms of our time, is legibly reflected in his verse. The purity of tone that marks it may be primarily a personal trait ; but we are convinced that this, also, represents the dominant spirit of English society, notwithstanding the temporary notoriety of that small section which batters upon the literature of diseased or lawless lust.

Among contemporary writers of *vers de société*, although their name is legion, we are acquainted with but two whose claims to compare with Mr. Locker admit of discussion. Priority of appearance, and the respect due to his exquisite scholarship, entitle Mr. C. J. Calverley to the first consideration. If, however, the view we have taken be correct as to the qualifications which modern society demands from its representative poet, he is *ipso facto* disqualified for the office. As a mere humourist, it would be difficult to find his match ; but he has chosen to be no more. We say chosen, because out of two volumes of verse, a single poem, "Dover to Munich," contains a few stanzas that evince the writer's capacity for treating a serious theme with reverence and grace. With this exception, his original poems are confined to a series of burlesques and parodies. Some of the latter are infinitely droll, especially the imitation of Mr. Browning's mannerism in "Cock and Bull," and that which travesties Mr.

Swinburne's sham-antique ballads to the burden of "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." A spice of intentional ridicule such as is here infused seems always requisite to make parody piquant. For lack of this, other of Mr. Calverley's clever echoes are comparatively weak, no element inhering in the subject which could avail to render it absurd, even if the writer intended so to make it. The mock-heroic stanzas on "Beer" and "The Schoolmaster abroad" strike us as the best of his burlesques. Beyond incidental illustrations of undergraduate life, and the superficial traits of London humour that meet a passer's eye, these volumes contribute nothing to the poetry of modern manners. Regretting that Mr. Calverley is not animated by a worthier ambition, we must needs take him at his own valuation; and if he is content to do no more than amuse our idle hours, it would be ungrateful to deny that his verses have a *raison d'être*.

Mr. Austin Dobson evidently aspires to a higher place, and his recent volume of collected poems is one of unusual promise. Although his manner has obviously been coloured by the study of Mr. Locker, he is far from being merely an imitator, and in the faculty of pictorial expression he even excels his master. The following extract from a poem illustrating the condition of France under Louis Quinze is in his best style:—

For these were yet the days of halcyon weather,

A marten's summer, when the nation swam,
Aimless and easy as a wayward feather,
Down the full tide of jest and epigram;—
A careless time, when France's bluest blood
Beat to the tune of, "After us the flood."

Occasional phrases, such as describe the engraving

In shadowy sanguine stipple-traced
By Bartolozzi,

and the signs of a coquette's old age in

The coming of the crow's feet
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,

are very happily rendered. Where the writer chiefly fails as an artist is in over-elaboration. His portrait of "A Gentleman and a Gentlewoman of the Old School," for example, would be more lifelike if the strokes were fewer and stronger. Now and then, too, his ornaments are strangely out of keeping, as when he describes the sad gentle face of an aged lady surmounted by

a coil whose crest
Like Hector's horse-plume towered. (l)

His most successful effort in portraiture, we think, is "Avice," where the handling throughout is extremely delicate. Here are two verses:—

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew,
At a word. . . .

You have just their eager, quick
"Airs de tête,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate;
Every bird-like nod and beck,
And the bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.

Some power of humorous characterization is shown in "Tu Quoque, a Conservatory Idyll," modelled after the duologue of Horace and Lydia, and "An Autumn Idyll," an adaptation of Theocritus. Both evince skill in preserving antique form while fitting it to modern usages, yet avoiding the vulgarity which is the opprobrium of "classical burlesque."

As a poet of society Mr. Dobson's gifts differ little in kind from Mr. Locker's, but they are not employed with equal judgment. "The Virtuoso," for example, an ironic study of æsthetic heartlessness, is so direct in its application as to verge on caricature, and loses much of the force which a satirist like Mr. Locker would have thrown into the form of suggestion. Playfulness and pathos, again, though Mr. Dobson has both at command, are not so subtly blended in "Pot-pourri" or "A Gage d'Amour" as in his predecessor's "Pilgrims of Pall Mall," and "My Grandmother." In point of technical skill the younger writer has much to learn. The light tripping metres, which both are fond of using, will not bear the weight of such heavy words as Mr. Dobson sometimes thrusts upon them.

The general impression produced by these "Vignettes" is very favourable to the writer's mental attitude. Their keen and sprightly criticism of men and manners is unspoilt by flippancy, their healthy appreciation of life's purest pleasures is tempered by kindly concern for the lot of those who miss them. With a few

exceptions, his observations strike us as made from a distance rather than on the spot, by one who has felt more than he has seen, and read more than he has thought. The aspect of modern life which such a spectator seizes is necessarily limited, but, as far as Mr. Dobson's field of vision extends, the report is trustworthy and encouraging.

The *prima facie* reflection suggested by an historic retrospect like the foregoing may probably be, how little either the optimist or the pessimist can find in it that makes in favour of his creed. To the lyrists of society, whether one or three centuries ago, human nature seems to have presented the same motley spectacle that it presents to-day. Although from Herrick and Prior to Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson they have, with rare exceptions, been "laudatores temporis acti," they have been at no loss to discern analogies between that past and their own time. The same motives have always been in operation, the same virtues honourable, the same vices detestable. The equilibrium has frequently shifted, and the moral standard which one age has striven to realize another has been content to idealize, but the standard itself has not appreciably altered. While, on the one hand, it is evident that each age chronicles the conquest of some vicious habit, the reclamation of some province from barbarism, and that the tide-mark once scored is ineffaceable, it is evident on the other hand, that evil tendencies are prone to recur after a period of apparent extinction, and that an ebb of puritanism is inevitably succeeded by a flow of libertinism. That the balance of such advance and recession is equal may not unreasonably be the impression first produced. A second consideration however, is sufficient to correct it. However little the types of humanity have changed since Horace and Martial painted them, it is certain that the painters would not recognize the world to which their sitters belonged, a world of refined gentlemen and ladies who no longer delighted in seeing gladiators hack each other to death, and runaway slaves torn by lions. If they discerned some resemblance to the habits with which they were familiar among the fashionable congregation at a Ritualistic service, the crowd at a poll-booth, and the audience at a theatre, they would marvel at the interest which one distinguished assembly took in organizing a famine-fund, another in the composition of a school-

board, a third in canvassing for an orphanage or an almshouse. If Herrick and Prior, in their turn, were transported to the London they had known, they would find its manners materially altered, the sanctity of marriage more respected, the representations of the stage more decorous, the evening meal no longer an orgy. Even Praed would find something to welcome in the abolition of Crockford's, and admit that the decision of a police-magistrate at Bow Street adjusted a quarrel at once more equitably and more economically than a pistol-shot at Wormwood Scrubbs. Whatever else has been lost, these are unquestionable gains. The Hydra, how often soever we behead it, will infallibly put forth new heads, but they will not be the same as the old. The lover of his kind, who is disheartened by the survey of the past and of the present, should find comfort in this outlook for the future, inexorably as the logic of events may convince him that the term of human perfectibility can never be fixed more definitely than "ad Græcas Kalendas."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER I.

MASTER HARRY.

"You are a wicked boy, Harry," said a delightful old lady of seventy, with pink cheeks, silver hair, and bright eyes, to a tall and handsome lad of twenty, "and you will break your mother's heart. But it's the way of all you Trelyons. Good looks, bad temper, plenty of money, and the maddest fashion of spending it—there you are, the whole of you. Why won't you go into the house?"

"It's a nice house to go into, ain't it?" said the boy, with a rude laugh. "Look at it!"

It was, indeed, a nice house, — a quaint, old-fashioned, strongly-built place, that had withstood the western gales for some three or four centuries. And it was set amid beautiful trees, and it overlooked a picturesque little valley, and from this garden-terrace in front of it you would catch some glimpse of a tiny harbour on the Cornish coast, with its line of blue water passing out through the black rocks to the sea beyond.

"And why shouldn't the blinds be

down?" said the old lady. "It's the anniversary of your father's death."

"It's always the anniversary of somebody's death," her grandson said, impatiently flicking at a standard rose with his riding-switch, "and its nothing but snivel, snivel from morning till night, and the droning of the organ in the chapel, and the burning of incense all about the place, and everybody and everything dressed in black, and the whole house haunted by parsons. The parsons about the neighbourhood ain't enough,—they must come from all parts of the country, and you run against 'em in the hall, and you knock them over when you're riding out at the gate, and just when you expect to get a pheasant or two at the place you know, out jumps a brace of parsons that have been picking brambles.

"Harry, Harry, where do you expect to go to, if you hate the parsons so?" the old lady said; but there was scarcely that earnestness of reproof in her tone that ought to have been there. "And yet it's the way of all you Trelyons. Did I ever tell you how your grandfather hunted poor Mr. Pascoe that winter night? Dear, dear, what a jealous man your grandfather was at that time, to be sure! And when I told him that John Pascoe had been carrying stories to my father, and how that he (your grandfather) was to be forbidden the house, dear me, what a passion he was in! He wouldn't come near the house after that; but one night, as Mr. Pascoe was walking home, your grandfather rode after him, and overtook him, and called out, 'Look here, sir! you have been telling lies about me. I respect your cloth and I won't lay a hand on you; but, by the Lord, I will hunt you till there isn't a rag on your back!' And sure enough he did; and when poor Mr. Pascoe understood what he meant he was nearly out of his wits, and off he went over the fields, and over the walls across the ditches, with your grandfather after him, driving his horse at him when he stopped, and only shouting with laughter in answer to his cries and prayers. Dear, dear, what a to-do there was all over the county side after that! and your grandfather durstn't come near the house,—or he was too proud to come; but we got married for all that—oh, yes! we got married for all that."

The old lady laughed in her quiet way.

"You were too good for a parson, grandmother, I'll be bound," said Master Harry Trelyon. "You are one of the

right sort, you are. If I could find any girl, now, like what you were then, see if I wouldn't try to get her for a wife."

"Oh yes!" said the old lady, vastly pleased, and smiling a little; "there were two or three of your opinion at one time, Harry. Many a time I feared they would be the death of each other. And I never could have made up my mind, I do believe, if your grandfather hadn't come in among them to settle the question. It was all over with me then. It's the way of you Trelyons; you never give a poor girl a chance. It isn't ask and have,—it's come and take; and so a girl becomes a Trelyon before she knows where she is. Dear, dear, what a fine man your grandfather was, to be sure; and such a pleasant, frank, good-natured way as he had with him! Nobody could say No twice to him. The girls were all wild about him; and the story there was about our marriage! Yes, indeed, I was mad about him too, only that he was just as mad about me; and that night of the ball, when my father was angry because I would not dance, and when all the young men could not understand it, for how did they know that your grandfather was out in the garden, and asking nothing less than that I should run away with him there and then to Gretna? Why, the men of that time had some spirit, lad, and the girls, too, I can tell you; and I couldn't say No to him, and away we went just before daylight, and I in my ball-dress, sure enough, and we never stopped till we got to Exeter. And then the fight for fresh horses, and off again; and your grandfather had such a way with him, Harry, that the silliest of girls would have plucked up her spirits! And oh! the money he scattered to get the best of the horses at the posting-houses; for, of course, we knew that my father was close after us, and if he overtook us, then a convent in France for me, and good-bye to George Trelyon—"

"Well, grandmother, don't stop!" cried the lad before her: he had heard the story a hundred times, but he could have heard it another hundred times, merely to see the light that lit up the beautiful old face.

"We didn't stop, you booby!" she said, mistaking his remark; "stopping wasn't for George Trelyon. And oh! that morning as we drove into Carlisle, and we looked back, and there, sure enough, was my father's carriage a long way off. Your grandfather swore, Harry—yes, he did; and well it might make a

man swear. For our horses were dead beat, and before we should have time to change, my father would be up to claim me. But there! it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, for who could have expected to find old Lady MacGorman at the door of the hotel, just getting into her carriage, and when she saw me she stared, and I was in such a fright I couldn't speak, and she called out, 'Good heavens, child, why did you run away in your ball-dress? And who's the man?' 'His name, madam,' said I, 'is George Trelyon.' For by this time he was in the yard, raging about horses. 'A nephew of the Admiral, isn't he?' she says, and I told her he was; and then quick as lightning what does she do but whip round into the yard, get hold of your grandfather, my dear, and bundle both of us into her own carriage! Harry, my father's carriage was at the end of the street, as I am a living woman. And just as we drove off, we heard that dear, good, kind old creature call out to the people around, 'Five guineas apiece to you if you keep back the old gentleman's carriage for an hour!' and such a laughing as your grandfather had as we drove down the streets, and over the bridge, and up the hill, and out the level lanes. Dear, dear, I can see the country now. I can remember every hedge, and the two rivers we crossed, and the hills up in the north, and all the time your grandfather kept up the laugh, for he saw I was frightened. And there we were wedded, sure enough, and all in good time, for Lady MacGorman's guineas had saved us, so that we were actually driving back again when we saw my father's carriage coming along the road—at no great speed to be sure, for one of the horses was lame, and the other had cast a shoe—all the result of that good old creature's money. And then I said to your grandfather, 'What shall we do, George?' 'We shall have to stand and deliver, Sue!' says he; and with that he had the horses pulled up, and we got out. And when my father came up he got out, too, and George took me by the hand—there was no more laughing now, I can tell you, for it was but natural I should cry a bit—and he took off his hat, and led me forward to my father. I don't know what he said, I was in such a fright; but I know that my father looked at him for a minute—and George was standing rather abashed, perhaps, but then so handsome he looked, and so good-natured!—and then my father burst

into a roar of laughter, and came forward and shook him by the hand; and all that he would say then, or at any other time to the day of his death, was only this—'By Japiter, sir, that was a devilish good pair that took you straight on end to Exeter!'"

"I scarcely remember my grandfather," the boy said; "but he couldn't have been a handsomer man than my father, nor a better man either."

"I don't say that," the old lady observed, candidly. "Your father was just such another. 'Like father, like son,' they used to say when he was a boy. But then, you see, your father would go and choose a wife for himself in spite of everybody, just like all you Trelyons, and so —"

But she remembered, and checked herself. She began to tell the lad in how far he resembled his grandfather in appearance, and he accepted these descriptions of his features and figure in a heedless manner, as of one who had grown too familiar with the fact of his being handsome to care about it. Had not every one paid him compliments, more or less indirect, from his cradle upwards? He was, indeed, all that the old lady would have desired to see in a Trelyon—tall, square-shouldered, clean-limbed, with dark grey eyes set under black eyelashes, a somewhat aquiline nose, proud and well-cut lips, a handsome forehead, and a complexion which might have been pale, but for its having been bronzed by constant exposure to sun and weather. There was something very winning about his face, when he chose to be winning; and, when he laughed, the laughter, being quite honest and careless and musical, was delightful to hear. With these personal advantages, joined to a fairly quick intelligence and a ready sympathy, Master Harry Trelyon ought to have been a universal favourite. So far from that being the case, a section of the persons whom he met, and whom he shocked by his rudeness, quickly dismissed him as an irreclaimable cub; another section, with whom he was on better terms, considered him a bad-tempered lad, shook their heads in a humorous fashion over his mother's trials, and were inclined to keep out of his way; while the best of his friends endeavoured to throw the blame of his faults on his bringing up, and maintained that he had many good qualities if only they had been properly developed. The only thing certain about these various criticisms was

that they did not concern very much the subject of them.

"And if I am like my grandfather," he said, good-naturedly, to the old lady, who was seated in a garden-chair, "why don't you get me a wife such as he had?"

"You? A wife?" she repeated, indignantly, remembering that, after all, to praise the good looks and excuse the hot-headedness of the Trelyons was not precisely the teaching this young man needed. "You take a wife? Why, what girl would have you? You are a mere booby. You can scarcely write your name. George Trelyon was a gentleman, sir. He could converse in six languages——"

"And swear considerably in one, I've heard," the lad said, with an impertinent laugh.

"You take a wife? I believe the stable-boys are better educated than you are in manners, as well as in learning. All you are fit for is to become a horse-breaker to a cavalry regiment, or a game-keeper; and I do believe it is that old wretch, Pentecost Luke, who has ruined you. Oh! I heard how Master Harry used to defy his governess, and would say nothing to her for days together, but

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met fifty old wives.

Then, old Luke had to be brought in, and Luke's cure for stubbornness was to give the brat a gun and teach him to shoot starlings. Oh! I know the whole story, my son, though I wasn't in Cornwall at the time. And then Master Harry must be sent to school; but two days afterwards Master Harry is discovered at the edge of a wood, coolly seated with a gun in his hand, waiting for his ferrets to drive out the rabbits. Then Master Harry is furnished with a private tutor; but a parcel of gunpowder is found below the gentleman's chair, with the heads of several lucifer matches lying about. So Master Harry is allowed to have his own way; and his master and preceptor is a lying old gamekeeper, and Master Harry can't read a page out of a book, but he can snare birds, and stuff fish, and catch butterflies, and go cliff-hunting on a horse that is bound to break his neck some day. Why, sir, what do you think a girl would have to say to you if you married her? She would expect you to take her into society; she would expect you to be agreeable in your manners, and be able to talk to people. Do you think she would care about your cunning

ways of catching birds, as if you were a cat or a sparrowhawk?"

He only flicked at the rose, and laughed; lecturing had but little effect on him.

"Do you think a girl would come to a house like this,—one half of it filled with dogs, and birds, and squirrels, and what not, the other furnished like a chapel in a cemetery? A combination of a church and a menagerie, that's what I call it."

"Grandmother," he said, "these parsons have been stuffing your head full of nonsense about me."

"Have they?" said the old lady sharply, and eyeing him keenly. "Are you sure it is all nonsense? You talk of marrying,—and you know that no girl of your own station in life would look at you. What about that public-house in the village, and the two girls there, and your constant visits?"

He turned round with a quick look of anger in his face.

"Who told you such infamous stories? I suppose one of the cringing, sneaking, white-livered——Bah!"

He switched the head off the rose, and strode away, saying as he went—

"Grandmother, you mustn't stay here long. The air of the place affects even you. Another week of it, and you'll be as mean as the rest of them."

But he was in a very bad temper, despite his careless gait. There was a scowl on the handsome and boyish face that was not pleasant to see. He walked round to the stables, kicked about the yard while his horse was being saddled, and then rode out of the grounds, and along the highway, until he went clattering down the steep and stony main street of Eglosilyn.

The children knew well this black horse: they had a superstitious fear of him, and they used to scurry into the cottages when his wild rider, who seldom tightened rein, rode down the precipitous thoroughfare. But just at this moment, when young Trelyon was paying little heed as to where he was going, a small, white-haired bundle of humanity came running out of a doorway, and stumbled and fell right in the way of the horse. The lad was a good rider, but all the pulling up in the world could not prevent the forefeet of the horse, as they were shot out into the stones, from rolling over that round bundle of clothes. Trelyon leapt to the ground, and caught up the child, who stared at him with big, blue, frightened eyes.

"It's you, young Pentecost, is it? And what the dickens do you mean by trying to knock over my horse, eh?"

The small boy was terrified, but quite obviously not hurt a bit; and his captor, leading the horse with one hand and affixing the bridle to the door, carried him into the cottage.

"Well, Mother Luke," said young Treylon, "I know you've got too many children, but do you expect that I'm going to put them out of the way for you?"

She uttered a little scream, and caught at the boy.

"Oh! there's no harm 'done; but I suppose I must give him a couple of sovereigns because he nearly frightened me out of my wits. Poor little kid! it's hard on him that you should have given him such a name. I suppose you thought it was Cornish because it begins with *Pen*."

"You know 'twere his vather's name, Maäster Harry," said Mrs. Luke, smiling as she saw that the child's chubby fingers were being closed over two bright gold pieces.

Just at that moment, Master Harry, his eyes having got accustomed to the twilight of the kitchen, perceived that among the little crowd of children, at the fireside end, a young lady was sitting. She was an insignificant little person with dark eyes; she had a slate in her hand; the children were round her in a circle.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Wenna!" the young man said, removing his hat quickly, and blushing all over his handsome face. "I did not see you in the dark. Is your father at the inn? — I was going to see him. I hope I haven't frightened you?"

"Yes, my father has come back from Plymouth," said the young lady, quietly, and without rising. "And I think you might be a little more careful in riding through the village, Mr. Treylon."

"Good-morning," he said. "Take better care of Master Pentecost, Mother Luke." And with that he went out, and got into the saddle again, and set off to ride down to the inn, not quite so recklessly as heretofore.

CHAPTER II.

JIM CROW.

WHEN Miss Wenna, or Morwenna, as her mother in a freak of romanticism had called her, had finished her teaching, and had inspected some fashioning of garments in which Mrs. Luke was engaged,

she put on her light shawl and her hat, and went out into the fresh air. She was now standing in the main street of Eglosilyan; and there were houses right down below her, and houses far above her, but a stranger would have been puzzled to say where this odd little village began and ended. For it was built in a straggling fashion on the sides of two little ravines; and the small stone cottages were so curiously scattered among the trees, and the plots of garden were so curiously banked up with the walls that were smothered in wild-flowers, that you could only decide which was the main thoroughfare by the presence there of two greystone chapels — one the Wesleyans' Ebenezer, the other the Bible Christians'. The churches were far away on the uplands, where they were seen like towers along the bleak cliffs by the passing sailors. But perhaps Eglosilyan proper ought to be considered as lying down in the hollow, where the two ravines converged. For here was the chief inn; and here was the over-shot flour-mill; and here was the strange little harbour, tortuous, narrow, and deep, into which one or two heavy coasters came for slate, bringing with them timber and coal. Eglosilyan is certainly a picturesque place; but one's difficulty is to get anything like a proper view of it. The black and mighty cliffs at the mouth of the harbour, where the Atlantic seethes and boils in the calmest weather, the beautiful blue-green water under the rocks and along the stone quays, the quaint bridge, and the mill, are pleasant to look at; but where is Eglosilyan? Then if you go up one of the ravines, and get among the old houses, with their tree-fuchsias, and hydrangeas, and marigolds, and lumps of white quartz in the quaint little gardens, you find yourself looking down the chimneys of one portion of Eglosilyan, and looking up to the doorsteps of another — everywhere a confusion of hewn rock, and natural terrace, and stone walls, and bushes, and hart's-tongue fern. Some thought that the "Treylon Arms" should be considered the natural centre of Eglosilyan; but you could not see half-a-dozen houses from any of its windows. Others would have given the post of honour to the National School, which had been there since 1843; but it was up in a by-street, and could only be approached by a flight of steps cut in the slate wall that banked up the garden in front of it. Others, for reasons which need not be mentioned, held that

the most important part of Eglosilyan was the Napoleon Hotel—a humble little pot-house, frequented by the workers in the slate-quarries, who came there to discuss the affairs of the nation and hear the news. Anyhow, Eglosilyan was a green, bright, rugged, and picturesque little place, oftentimes wet with the western rains, and at all times fresh and sweet with the moist breezes from the Atlantic.

Miss Wenna went neither down the street nor up the street, but took a rough and narrow little path leading by some of the cottages to the cliffs overlooking the sea. There was a sound of music in the air; and by-and-by she came in sight of an elderly man, who, standing in an odd little donkey-cart, and holding the reins in one hand, held with the other a corneopean, which he played with great skill. No one in Eglosilyan could tell precisely whether Michael Jago had been bugler to some regiment, or had acquired his knowledge of the corneopean in a travelling show; but everybody liked to hear the cheerful sound, and came out by the cottage-door to welcome him, as he went from village to village with his cart, whether they wanted to buy suet or not. And now, as Miss Wenna saw him approach, he was playing "The Girl I left behind me;" and as there was no one about to listen to him, the pathos of certain parts, and the florid and skilful execution of others, showed that Mr. Jago had a true love for music, and did not merely use it to advertise his wares.

"Good-morning to you, Mr. Jago," said Miss Wenna, as he came up.

"Marnin', Miss Rosewarne," he said, taking down his corneopean.

"This is a narrow road for your cart."

"Tain't a very good way; but, bless you, me and my donkey we're used to any zart of a road. I dü believe we could go down to the bache, down the face of Black Cliff."

"Mr. Jago, I want to say something to you. If you are dealing with old Mother Keam to-day, you'll give her a good extra bit, won't you? And so with Mrs. Geswetherick, for she has had no letter from her son now for three months. And this will pay you, and you'll say nothing about it, you know."

She put the coin in his hand—it was an arrangement of old standing between the two.

"Well, yü be a good young lady; yaas, yü be," he said, as he drove on; and then

she heard him announcing his arrival to the people of Eglosilyan by playing, in a very elaborate manner, "Love's young Dream."

The solitary young person who was taking her morning walk now left this rugged road, and found herself on the bleak and high uplands of the coast. Over there was the sea—a fair summer sea; and down into the south-west stretched a tall line of cliff, black, precipitous, and jagged, around the base of which even this blue sea was churned into seething masses of white. Close by was a church; and the very gravestones were propped up, so that they should withstand the force of the gales that sweep over those windy heights.

She went across the uplands, and passed down to a narrow neck of rock, which connected with the mainland a huge projecting promontory, on the summit of which was a square and strongly-built tower. On both sides of this ledge of rock the sea from below passed into narrow channels, and roared into gigantic caves; but when once you had ascended again to the summit of the tall projecting cliff, the distance softened the sound into a low continuous murmur, and the motion of the waves beneath you was only visible in the presence of that white foam where the black cliffs met the blue sea.

She went out pretty nearly to the verge of the cliff, where the close, short, wind-swept sea-grass gave way to immense and ragged masses of rock, descending sheer into the waves below; and here she sat down, and took out a book, and began to read. But her thoughts were busier than her eyes. Her attention would stray away from the page before her—to the empty blue sea, where scarcely a sail was to be seen, and to the far headlands lying under the white of the summer sky. One of these headlands was Tintagel; and close by were the ruins of the great castle, where Uther Pendragon kept his state, where the mystic Arthur was born, where the brave Sir Tristram went to see his true love, La Belle Isoulde. All that world had vanished, and gone into silence; could anything be more mute and still than those bare uplands out at the end of the world, these voiceless cliffs, and the empty circle of the sea? The sun was hot on the rocks beneath her, where the pink quartz lay encrusted among the slate; but there was scarcely the hum of an insect to break the stillness, and the only sign of

life about was the circling of one or two sea-birds, so far below her that their cries could not be heard.

"Yes, it was a long time ago," the girl was thinking, as the book lay unheeded on her knee. "A sort of mist covers it now, and the knights seem great and tall men as you think of them riding through the fog, almost in silence. But then there were the brighter days, when the tournaments were held, and the sun came out, and the noble ladies wore rich colours, and every one came to see how beautiful they were. And how fine it must have been to have sat there, and have all the knights ready to fight for you, and glad when you gave them a bit of ribbon or a smile! And in these days, too, it must be a fine thing to be a noble lady, and beautiful, and tall, like a princess; and to go among the poor people, putting everything to rights, because you have lots of money, and because the roughest of the men look up to you, and think you a queen, and will do anything you ask. What a happy life a grand and beautiful lady must have, when she is tall, and fair-haired, and sweet in her manner; and every one around her is pleased to serve her, and she can do a kindness by merely saying a word to the poor people! But if you are only Jim Crow? There's Maby, now, she is everybody's favourite, because she is so pretty; and whatever she does, that is always beautiful and graceful, because she is so. Father never calls her Jim Crow. And I ought to be jealous of her, for every one praises her, and mere strangers ask for her photograph; and Mr. Roscorla always writes to her, and Mr. Trelyon stuffed those squirrels for her, though he never offered to stuff squirrels for me. But I cannot be jealous of Maby—I cannot even try. She looks at you with her blue, soft eyes, and you fall in love with her; and that is the advantage of being handsome, and beautiful, for you can please every one, and make every one like you, and confer favours on people all day long. But if you are small, and plain, and dark—if your father calls you Jim Crow—what can you do?"

These despondent fancies did not seem to depress her much. The gloom of them was certainly not visible on her face, nor yet in the dark eyes, which had a strange and winning earnestness in them. She pulled a bit of tormentil from among the close warm grass on the rocks, and she hummed a line or two of "Wap-

ping Old Stairs." Then she turned to her book; but by-and-by her eyes wandered away again, and she fell to thinking.

"If you were a man now," she was silently saying to herself, "that would be quite different. It would not matter how ugly you were—for you could try to be brave or clever, or a splendid rider, or something of that kind—and nobody would mind how ugly you were. But it's very hard to be a woman, and to be plain; you feel as if you were good for nothing, and had no business to live. They say that you should cultivate the graces of the mind; but it's only old people who say that; and perhaps you mayn't have any mind to cultivate. How much better it would be to be pretty while you are young, and leave the cultivation of the mind for after years! and that is why I have to prevent mother from scolding Maby for never reading a book. If I were like Maby, I should be so occupied in giving people the pleasure of looking at me and talking to me that I should have no time for books. Maby is like a princess. And if she were a grand lady, instead of being only an innkeeper's daughter, what a lot of things she could do about Eglosilyan! She could go and persuade Mr. Roscorla, by the mere sweetness of her manner, to be less suspicious of people, and less bitter in talking; she could go up to Mrs. Trelyon and bring her out more among her neighbours, and make the house pleasanter for her son; she could go to my father and beg him to be a little more considerate to mother when she is angry: she might get some influence over Mr. Trelyon himself, and make him less of a petulant boy. Perhaps Maby may do some of these things, when she gets a little older. It ought to please her to try at all events; and who can withstand her when she likes to be affectionate and winning? Not Jim Crow, any way."

She heaved a sigh, not a very dismal one, and got up and prepared to go home. She was humming carelessly to herself—

Your Polly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old
Stairs;

—she had got that length when she was startled into silence by the sound of a horse's feet, and turning quickly round, found Mr. Trelyon galloping up the steep slope that stretches across to the mainland. It was no pleasant place to ride across, for a stumble of the animal's

foot would have sent horse and rider down into the gulfs below, where the blue-green sea was surging in among the black rocks.

"Oh! how could you be so foolish as to do that?" she cried. "I beg of you to come down, Mr. Trelyon. I cannot—"

"Why, Dick is as sure-footed as I am," said the lad, his handsome face flushing with the ride up from Eglosilyan. "I thought I should find you here. There's no end of a row going on at the inn, Miss Wenna, and that's a fact. I fancied I'd better come and tell you; for there's no one can put things straight like you, you know."

A quarrel between her father and her mother—it was of no rare occurrence, and she was not much surprised.

"Thank you, Mr. Trelyon," she said. "It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble. I will go down at once."

But she was looking rather anxiously at him, as he turned round his horse.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said, quickly, "would you oblige me by getting down and leading your horse across until you reach the path?"

He was out of the saddle in a moment.

"I will walk down with you to Eglosilyan, if you like," he said, carelessly. "You often come up here, don't you?"

"Nearly every day. I always take a walk in the forenoon."

"Does Mabyn ever go with you?" His companion noticed that he always addressed her as Miss Wenna, whereas her sister was simply Mabyn.

"Not often."

"I wonder she doesn't ride—I am sure she would look well on horseback—don't you think so?"

"Mabyn would look well anywhere," said the elder sister, with a smile.

"If she would like to try a lady's saddle on your father's cob, I would send you one down from the Hall," the lad said. "My mother never rides now. But perhaps I'd better speak to your father about it. Oh! by the way, he told me a capital story this morning that he heard in coming from Plymouth to Launceston in the train. Two farmers belonging to Launceston had got into a carriage the day before, and found in it a parson, against whom they had a grudge. He didn't know either of them by sight; and so they pretended to be strangers, and sat down opposite each other. One of them put up the window; the other put it down with a bang. The first drew it up again,

and said, 'I desire you to leave the window alone, sir!' The other said, 'I mean to have that window down, and if you touch it again I will throw you out of it.' Meanwhile, the parson at the other end of the carriage, who was a little fellow and rather timid, had got into an agony of fright; and at last, when the two men seemed about to seize each other by the throat, he called out, 'For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not quarrel. Sir, I beg of you, I implore you, as a clergyman I entreat you, to put up that knife!' And then, of course, they both turned upon him like tigers, and slanged him, and declared they would break his back over this same window. Fancy the fright he was in!"

The boy laughed merrily.

"Do you think that was a good joke?" the girl beside him asked, quietly.

He seemed a little embarrassed.

"Do you think it was a very manly and courageous thing for two big farmers to frighten a small and timid clergyman? I think it was rather mean and cowardly. I see no joke in it at all."

His face grew more and more red; and then he frowned with vexation.

"I don't suppose they meant any harm," he said, curtly; "but you know we can't all be squaring every word and look by the Prayer-book. And I suppose the parson himself, if he had known, would not have been so fearfully serious but that he could have taken a joke like any one else. By the way, this is the nearest road to Trevena, isn't it? I have got to ride over there before the afternoon, Miss Rosewarne; so I shall bid you good-day."

He got on horseback again, and took off his cap to her, and rode away.

"Good-day, Mr. Trelyon," she said, meekly.

And so she walked down to the inn by herself, and was inclined to reproach herself for being so very serious, and for being unable to understand a joke like any one else. Yet she was not unhappy about it. It was a pity if Mr. Trelyon were annoyed with her; but then, she had long ago taught herself to believe that she could not easily please people, like her sister Mabyn; and she cheerfully accepted the fact. Sometimes, it is true, she indulged in idle dreams of what she might do if she were beautiful, and rich, and noble; but she soon laughed herself out of these foolish fancies, and they left no sting of regret behind them. At this moment, as she walked down to

Eglosilyan, with the tune of "Wapping Old Stairs" rocking itself to sleep in her head, and with her face brightened by her brisk walk, there was neither disappointment, nor envy, nor ambition in her mind. Not for her, indeed, were any of those furious passions that shake and set afire the lives of men and women; her lot was the calm and placid lot of the unregarded, and with it she was well content.

CHAPTER III.

RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI.

WHEN George Rosewarne, the father of this Miss Wenna, lived in eastern Devonshire, many folks thought him a fortunate man. He was the land-steward of a large estate, the owner of which lived in Paris, so that Rosewarne was practically his own master; he had a young and pretty wife, desperately fond of him; he had a couple of children and a comfortable home. As for himself, he was a tall, reddish-bearded, manly-looking fellow; the country folks called him Handsome George as they saw him riding his rounds of a morning; and they thought it a pity Mrs. Rosewarne was so often poorly, for she and her husband looked well together when they walked to church.

Handsome George did not seem much troubled by his wife's various ailments; he would only give the curtest answer when asked about her health. Yet he was not in any distinct way a bad husband. He was a man vaguely unwilling to act wrongly, but weak in staving off temptation; there was a sort of indolent selfishness about him of which he was scarcely aware; and to indulge this selfishness he was capable of a good deal of petty deceit and even treachery of a sort. It was not these failings, however, that made the relations of husband and wife not very satisfactory. Mrs. Rosewarne was passionately fond of her husband, and proportionately jealous of him. She was a woman of impulsive imagination and of sympathetic nature, clever, bright, and fanciful, well-read and well-taught, and altogether made of finer stuff than Handsome George. But this passion of jealousy altogether over-mastered her reason. When she did try to convince herself that she was in the wrong, the result was merely that she resolved to keep silence; but this forcible repression of her suspicions was worse in its effects than the open avowal of them. When the explosion came, George Rose-

warne was mostly anxious to avoid it. He did not seek to set matters straight. He would get into a peevish temper for a few minutes, and tell her she was a fool; then he would go out for the rest of the day, and come home sulky in the evening. By this time she was generally in a penitent mood; and there is nothing an indolent sulky person likes so much as to be coaxed and caressed, with tears of repentance and affectionate promises, into a good temper again. There were too many such scenes in George Rosewarne's home.

Mrs. Rosewarne may have been wrong, but people began to talk. For there had come to live at the Hall a certain Mrs. Shirley, who had lately returned from India, and was the sister-in-law, or some such relation of George Rosewarne's master. She was a good-looking woman of forty, fresh-coloured and free-spoken, a little too fond of brandy-and-water, folks said, and a good deal too fond of the handsome steward, who now spent most of his time up at the big house. They said she was a grass-widow. They said there were reasons why her relations wished her to be buried down there in the country, where she received no company, and made no efforts to get acquainted with the people who had called on her and left their cards. And amid all this gossip the name of George Rosewarne too frequently turned up; and there were nods and winks when Mrs. Shirley and the steward were seen to be riding about the country from day to day, presumably not always conversing about the property. The blow fell at last, and that in a fashion that needs not be described here. There was a wild scene between two angry women. A few days after, a sallow-complexioned, white-haired old gentleman arrived from Paris, and was confronted by a red-faced fury, who gloried in her infatuation and disgrace, and dared him to interfere. Then there was a sort of conference of relatives held in the house which she still inhabited. The result of all this, so far as the Rosewarne was concerned, was simply that the relatives of the woman, to hush the matter up and prevent further scandal, offered to purchase for George Rosewarne the "Treylon Arms" at Eglosilyan, on condition that he should immediately, with his family, betake himself to that remote corner of the world, and undertake to hold no further communication of any sort with the woman who still swore that she would follow him to the

end of the earth. George Rosewarne was pleased with the offer, and accepted it. He might have found some difficulty in discovering another stewardship, after the events that had just occurred. On the other hand, the "Trelyon Arms" at Eglosilyan was not a mere public-house. It was an old-fashioned, quaint, and comfortable inn, practically shut up during the winter, and in the summer made the headquarters of a few families who had discovered it, and who went there as regularly as the warm weather came round. A few antiquarian folks, too, and a stray geologist or so generally made up the family party that sat down to dinner every evening in the big dining-room; and who that ever made one of the odd circle meeting in this strange and out-of-the-way place, ever failed to return to it when the winter had finally cleared away and the Atlantic got blue again?

George Rosewarne went down to see about it. He found in the inn an efficient housekeeper, who was thoroughly mistress of her duties and of the servants, so that he should have no great trouble about it, even though his wife were too ill to help. And so the Rosewarne were drafted down to the Cornish coast, and as Mrs. Rosewarne was of Cornish birth, and as she had given both her darlings Cornish names, they gradually ceased to be regarded as strangers. They made many acquaintances and friends. Mrs. Rosewarne was a bright, rapid, playful talker; a woman of considerable reading and intelligence, and a sympathetic listener. Her husband knew all about horses, and dogs, and farming, and what not, so that Master Harry Trelyon, for example, was in the habit of consulting him almost daily.

They had a little parlour abutting on what once had been a bar, and here their friends sometimes dropped in to have a chat. There was a bar no longer. The business of the inn was conducted overhead, and was exclusively of the nature described above. The pot-house of Eglosilyan was the Napoleon Hotel, a dilapidated place, half way up one of the steep streets.

But in leaving Devonshire for Cornwall, the Rosewarne had carried with them a fatal inheritance. They could not leave behind them the memory of the circumstances that had caused their flight; and ever and anon, as something occurred to provoke her suspicions, Mrs. Rosewarne would break out again into a

passion of jealousy, and demand explanations and reassurances, which her husband half-indolently and half-sulkily refused. There was but one hand then — one voice that could still the raging waters. Morwenna Rosewarne knew nothing of that Devonshire story, any more than her sister or the neighbours did; but she saw that her mother had defects of temper, that she was irritable, unreasonable, and suspicious, and she saw that her father was inconsiderately indifferent and harsh. It was a hard task to reconcile these two; but the girl had all the patience of a born peacemaker, and patience is the more necessary to the settlement of such a dispute, in that it is generally impossible for any human being, outside the two who are quarrelling, to discover any ground for the quarrel.

"Why, what's the matter, mother?" she said on this occasion, taking off her hat and shawl as if she had heard nothing about it. "I do think you have been crying."

The pretty, pale woman, with the large black eyes and smoothly-brushed dark hair, threw a book on to the table, and said, with a sort of half-hysterical laugh, "How stupid it is, Wenna, to cry over the misfortunes of people in books, isn't it? Do you remember when old Pente-cost Luke got the figure-head of Bernadotte of Sweden and stuck it in his kitchen-garden, how fierce the whole place looked? And then Harry Trelyon got a knife, and altered the scowl into a grin, and painted it a bit, and then you couldn't go into the garden without laughing. And when a man twists the corners of his heroine's mouth downwards, or when it pleases him to twist them upwards, why should one either cry or laugh? Well, well, she was a good sort of girl, and deserved a better fate. I will dry my eyes and think no more about her."

The forced dragging-in of Bernadotte of Sweden, and the incoherent speech that followed, would not have deceived Miss Wenna in any case, but now she was to receive other testimony to the truth of Mr. Trelyon's report. There was seated at the window of the room a tall and strikingly handsome young girl of sixteen, whose almost perfect profile was clearly seen against the light. Just at this moment she rose and stepped across the room to the door, and as she went by she said, with just a trace of contemptu-

ous indifference on the proud and beautiful face, "It is only another quarrel, Wenna."

"Mother," said the girl, when her sister had gone, "tell me what it is about. What have you said to father? Where is he?"

There was an air of quiet decision about her that did not detract from the sympathy visible in her face. Mrs. Rosewarne began to cry again. Then she took her daughter's hand, and made her sit down by her, and told her all her troubles. What was the girl to make of it? It was the old story of suspicion, and challenging, and sulky denial, and then hot words and anger. She could make out, at least, that her mother had first been made anxious about something he had inadvertently said about his visit to Plymouth on the previous two days. In reply to her questions he had grown peevishly vague, and had then spoken in bravado of the pleasant evening he had spent at the theatre. Wenna reasoned with her mother, and pleaded with her, and at last exercised a little authority over her, at the end of which she agreed that, if her husband would tell her with whom he had been to the theatre, she would be satisfied, would speak no more on the subject, and would even formally beg his forgiveness.

"Because, mother, I have something to tell you," the daughter said, "when you are all quite reconciled."

"Was it in the letter you read just now?"

"Yes, mother."

The girl still held the letter in her hand. It was lying on the table when she came in, but she had not opened it and glanced over the contents until she saw that her mother was yielding to her prayers.

"It is from Mr. Roscorla, Wenna," the mother said; and now she saw, as she might have seen before, that her daughter was a little paler than usual, and somewhat agitated.

"Yes, mother."

"What is it, then? You look frightened."

"I must settle this matter first," said the girl, calmly; and then she folded up the letter, and, still holding it in her hand, went off to find her father.

George Rosewarne, seeking calm after the storm, was seated on a large and curiously-carved bench of Spanish oak placed by the door of the inn. He was smoking his pipe, and lazily looking at some pigeons that were flying about the

mill and occasionally alighting on the roof. In the calm of the midsummer's day there was no sound but the incessant throbbing of the big wheel over there and the splash of the water.

"Now, don't bother me, Wenna," he said, the moment he saw her approach. "I know you've come to make a fuss. You mind your own business."

"Mother is very sorry —" the girl was beginning in a meek way, when he interrupted her rudely.

"I tell you to mind your own business. I must have an end of this. I have stood it long enough. Do you hear?"

But she did not go away. She stood there, with her quiet, patient face, not heeding his angry looks.

"Father, don't be hard on her. She is very sorry. She is willing to beg your pardon if you will only tell her who went to the theatre with you at Plymouth, and relieve her from this anxiety. That is all. Father, who went to the theatre with you?"

"Oh, go away!" he said, relapsing into a sulky condition. "You're growing up to be just such another as your mother."

"I cannot wish for any better," the girl said, mildly. "She is a good woman, and she loves you dearly."

"Why," he said, turning suddenly upon her, and speaking in an injured way, "no one went with me to the theatre at Plymouth! Did I say that anybody did? Surely a man must do something to spend the evening if he is by himself in a strange town."

Wenna put her hand on her father's shoulder, and said, "Da, why didn't you take me to Plymouth?"

"Well, I will next time. You're a good lass," he said, still in the same sulky way.

"Now come in and make it up with mother. She is anxious to make it up."

He looked at his pipe.

"In a few minutes, Wenna. When I finish my pipe."

"She is waiting now," said the girl quietly; and with that her father burst into a loud laugh, and got up and shrugged his shoulders, and then, taking his daughter by the ear, and saying that she was a sly little cat, he walked into the house and into the room where his wife awaited him.

Meanwhile, Wenna Rosewarne had stolen off to her own little room, and there she sat down at the window, and with trembling fingers took out a letter and began to read it. It was certainly a document of some length, consisting, indeed,

of four large pages of blue paper, covered with a small, neat, and precise handwriting. She had not got on very far with it, when the door of the room was opened, and Mrs. Rosewarne appeared, the pale face and large dark eyes being now filled with a radiant pleasure. Her husband had said something friendly to her; and the quick imaginative nature had leapt to the conclusion that all was right again, and that there were to be no more needless quarrels.

"And now, Wenna," she said, sitting down by the girl, "what is it all about? and why did you look so frightened a few minutes ago?"

"Oh, mother!" the girl said, "this is a letter from Mr. Roscorla, and he wants me to marry him."

"Mr. Roscorla!" cried the mother, in blank astonishment. "Who ever dreamed of such a thing? and what do you say, Wenna? What do you think? What answer will you send him? Dear me, to think of Mr. Roscorla taking a wife, and wanting to have our Wenna, too!"

She began to tell her mother something of the letter, reading it carefully to herself, and then repeating aloud some brief suggestion of what she had read, to let her mother know what were the arguments that Mr. Roscorla employed. And it was, on the whole, an argumentative letter, and much more calm, and lucid, and reasonable than most letters are which contain offers of marriage. Mr. Roscorla wrote thus:—

"Basset Cottage, Eglosilyn, July 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS WENNA,—I fear that this letter may surprise you, but I hope you will read it through without alarm or indignation, and deal fairly and kindly with what it has to say. Perhaps you will think, when you have read it, that I ought to have come to you and said the things that it says. But I wish to put these things before you in as simple a manner as I can, which is best done by writing; and a letter will have this advantage that you can recur to it at any moment, if there is some point on which you are in doubt.

"The object, then, of this letter is to ask you to become my wife, and to put before you a few considerations which I hope will have some little influence in determining your answer. You will be surprised, no doubt; for though you must be well aware that I could perceive the graces of your character—the gentleness and charity of heart, and modesty of de-

meanour that have endeared you to the whole of the people among whom you live—you may fairly say that I never betrayed my admiration of you in word or deed, and that is true. I cannot precisely tell you why I should be more distant in manner towards her whom I preferred to all the world than to her immediate friends and associates for whom I cared much less; but such is the fact. I could talk, and joke, and spend a pleasant afternoon in the society of your sister Maby, for example; I could ask her to accept a present from me; I could write letters to her when I was in London; but with you all that was different. Perhaps it is because you are so fine and shy, because there is so much sensitiveness in your look, that I have almost been afraid to go near you, lest you should shrink from some rude intimation of that which I now endeavour to break to you gently—my wish and earnest hope that you may become my wife. I trust I have so far explained what perhaps you may have considered coldness on my part.

"I am a good deal older than you are; and I cannot pretend to offer you that fervid passion which, to the imagination of the young, seems the only thing worth living for, and one of the necessary conditions of marriage. On the other hand, I cannot expect the manifestation of any such passion on your side, even if I had any wish for it. But on this point I should like to make a few observations which I hope will convince you that my proposal is not so unreasonable as it may have seemed at first sight. When I look over the list of all my friends who have married, whom do I find to be living the happiest life? Not they who as boy and girl were carried away by a romantic idealism which seldom lasts beyond a few weeks after marriage, but those who had wisely chosen partners fitted to become their constant and affectionate friends. It is this possibility of friendship, indeed, which is the very basis of a happy marriage. The romance and passion of love soon depart; then the man and woman find themselves living in the same house, dependent on each other's character, intelligence, and disposition, and bound by inexorable ties. If, in these circumstances, they can be good friends, it is well with them. If they admire each other's thoughts and feelings, if they are generously considerate towards each other's weaknesses, if they have pleasure in each other's society—if, in

short, they find themselves bound to each other by the ties of a true and disinterested friendship, the world has been good to them. I say nothing against that period of passion which, in some rare and fortunate instances, precedes this infinitely longer period of friendship. You would accuse me of the envy of an elderly man if I denied that it has its romantic aspects. But how very temporary these are! How dangerous they are, too! for during this term of hot-headed idealism, the young people have their eyes bewildered, and too often make the most grievous mistake in choosing a partner for life. The passion of a young man, as I have seen it displayed in a thousand instances, is not a thing to be desired. It is cruel in its jealousy, exacting in its demands, heedless in its impetuosity; and when it has burned itself out — when nothing remains but ashes and an empty fireplace — who is to say that the capacity for a firm and lasting friendship will survive? But perhaps you fancy that this passionate love may last forever. Will you forgive me, dear Miss Wenna, if I say that that is the dream of a girl? In such rare cases as I have seen, this perpetual ardour of love was anything but a happiness to those concerned. The freaks of jealousy on the part of a boy and girl who think of getting married are but occasions for the making of quarrels and the delight of reconciliation; but a life-long jealousy involves a torture to both husband and wife to which death would be preferable."

At this point Morwenna's cheeks burned red; she was silent for a time, and her mother wondered why she skipped so long a passage without saying a word.

"I have used all the opportunities within my reach," the letter continued, "to form a judgment of your character; I know something of my own; and I sincerely believe that we could live a happy and pleasant life together. It is a great sacrifice I ask of you, I own; but you would not find me slow to repay you in gratitude. I am almost alone in the world; the few relatives I have I never see; I have scarcely a friend or acquaintance except those I meet under your father's hospitable roof. I cannot conceal from myself that I should be by far the greater gainer by such a marriage. I should secure for myself a pleasant, intelligent, and amiable companion, who would brighten my home, and in time, I doubt not, soften and sweeten those views of the world that are naturally formed by

a middle-aged man living alone and in privacy. What can I offer you in return? Not much — except the opportunity of adding one more to the many good deeds that seem to be the chief occupation of your life. And I should be glad if you would let me help you in that way, and give you the aid of advice which might, perhaps, temper your generosity and apply it to its best uses. You are aware that I have no occupation — and scarcely a hobby; I should make it my occupation, my constant endeavour and pleasure, to win and secure your affection, to make the ordinary little cares and duties of life, in which you take so great an interest, smooth and pleasant to you. In short, I should try to make you happy; not in any frantic and wild way, but by the exercise of a care, and affection, and guardianship by which I hope we should both profit. May I point out, also, that, as a married woman, you would have much more influence among the poorer families in the village who take up so much of your attention; and you would be removed, too, if I may mention such a thing, from certain unhappy circumstances which I fear trouble you greatly at times. But perhaps I should not have referred to this; I would rather seek to press my claim on the ground of the happiness you would thereby confer on others, which I know to be your chief object in life.

"I have not said half what I intended to say; but I must not fatigue you. Perhaps you will give me an opportunity of telling you personally what I think of yourself, for I cannot bring myself to write it in bald words; and if you should be in doubt, give me the benefit of the doubt, and let me explain. I do not ask you for a hurried answer; but I should be glad if, out of the kindness of all your ways, you would send me one line soon, merely to say that I have not offended you.

"I am, my dear Miss Rosewarne, yours most sincerely,

"RICHARD ROSCORLA."

"Oh! what must I do, mother?" the girl cried. "Is it all true that he says?"

"My dear child, there is a great deal of common sense in the letter," the mother replied, calmly; "but you needn't decide all at once. Take plenty of time. I suppose you don't dislike Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, not at all — not at all! But then, to marry him —!"

"If you don't wish to marry him, no harm is done," Mrs. Rosewarne said. "I cannot advise you, Wenna. Your own feelings must settle the question. But you ought to be very proud of the offer, any way, and you must thank him properly; for Mr. Roscorla is a gentleman, although he is not as rich as his relations, and it is a great honour he has done you. Dear me, but I mustn't advise. Of course, Wenna, if you were in love with any one — if there was any young man about here whom you would like to marry — there would be no need for you to be frightened about what Mr. Roscorla says of young folks being in love. It is a trying time, to be sure. It has many troubles. Perhaps, after all, a quiet and peaceful life is better, especially for you, Wenna, for you were always quiet and peaceful, and if any trouble came over you it would break your heart. I think it would be better for you if you were never tried in that way, Wenna."

The girl rose, with a sigh.

"Not that it is my advice, Wenna," said the mother. "But you are of that nature, you see. If you were in love with a young man, you would be his slave. If he ceased to care for you, or were cruel to you, it would kill you, my dear. Well, you see, here is a man who would be able to take care of you, and of your sister Mabyn, too, if anything happened to your father or me; and he would make much of you, I have no doubt, and be very kind to you. You are not like other girls, Wenna —"

"I know that, mother," said the girl, with a strange sort of smile that just trembled on the verge of tears. "They can't all be as plain as I am."

"Oh, I don't mean that! You make a great mistake if you think that men only care for doll-faces — as Mr. Roscorla says, that fancy does not last long after marriage, and then men begin to ask whether their wives are clever, and amusing, and well-informed, and so on. What I meant was, that most girls could run the gauntlet of that sort of love that Mr. Roscorla describes, and suffer a little if they made a mistake. But there's no shell about you, Wenna. You are quite undefended, sensitive, and timid. People are deceived by your quick wit, and your cheerfulness, and your singing. I know better. I know that a careless word may cut you deeply. And dear, dear me, what a terrible time that is when all your life seems to hang on the way a word is spoken!"

The girl crossed over to a small side-table, on which there was a writing-desk.

"But mind, Wenna," said her mother, with a return of anxiety, "mind I don't say that to influence your decision. Don't be influenced by me. Consult your own feelings, dear. You know I think sometimes you undervalue yourself, and think that no one cares about you, and that you have no claim to be thought much of. Well, that is a great mistake, Wenna. You must not throw yourself away through that notion. I wish all the girls about were as clever and good-natured as you. But at the same time, you know, there are few girls I know, and certainly none about here, who would consider it throwing themselves away to marry Mr. Roscorla."

"*Marry Mr. Roscorla!*" a third voice exclaimed, and at the same moment Mabyn Rosewarne entered the room.

She looked at her mother and sister with astonishment. She saw that Wenna was writing, and that she was very pale. She saw a blue-coloured letter lying beside her. Then the proud young beauty understood the situation; and with her to perceive a thing was to act on the suggestion there and then.

"Our Wenna! Marry that old man! Oh, mother! how can you let her do such a thing?"

She walked right over to the small table, with a glow of indignation in her face, and with her lips set firm, and her eyes full of fire; and then she caught up the letter, that had scarcely been begun, and tore it in a thousand pieces, and flung the pieces on to the floor.

"Oh, mother! how could you let her do it? Mr. Roscorla marry our Wenna!"

She took two or three steps up and down the room in a pretty passion of indignation, and yet trying to keep her proud eyes free from tears.

"Mother, if you do I'll go into a convent! I'll go to sea, and never come back again! I won't stop in the house — not one minute — if Wenna goes away!"

"My dear child," said the mother, patiently, "it is not my doing. You must not be so rash. Mr. Roscorla is not an old man — nothing of the sort; and, if he does offer to marry Wenna, it is a great honour done to her, I think. She ought to be very grateful, as I hope you will be, Mabyn, when any one offers to marry you —"

Miss Mabyn drew herself up; and her pretty mouth lost none of its scorn.

"And as for Wenna," the mother said, "she must judge for herself —"

"Oh, but she's not fit to judge for herself!" broke in the younger sister, impetuously. "She will do anything that anybody wants. She would make herself the slave of anybody. She is always being imposed on. Just wait a moment, and I will answer Mr. Roscorla's letter!"

She walked over to the table again, twisted round the writing-desk, and quickly pulled in a chair. You would have thought that the pale, dark-eyed little girl on the other side of the table had no will of her own — that she was in the habit of obeying this beautiful young termagant of a sister of hers; but Miss Mabyn's bursts of impetuosity were no match for the gentle patience and decision that were invariably opposed to them. In this instance Mr. Roscorla was not to be the recipient of a letter which doubtless would have astonished him.

"Mabyn," said her sister Wenna, quietly, "don't be foolish. I must write to Mr. Roscorla — but only to tell him that I have received his letter. Give me the pen. And will you go and ask Mrs. Borlase if she can spare me Jennifer for a quarter of an hour, to go up to Basset Cottage?"

Mabyn rose, silent, disappointed, and obedient, but not subdued. She went off to execute the errand; but as she went she said to herself, with her head very erect, "Before Mr. Roscorla marries our Wenna, I will have a word to say to him."

Meanwhile Wenna Rosewarne, apparently quite calm, but with her hand trembling so that she could hardly hold the pen, wrote her first love-letter. And it ran thus: —

"Treylon Arms, Tuesday afternoon.

"DEAR MR. ROSCORLA, — I have received your letter, and you must not think me offended. I will try to send you an answer to-morrow; or perhaps the day after, or perhaps on Friday, I will try to send you an answer to your letter.

"I am yours sincerely,

"MORWENNA ROSEWARNE."

She took it timidly to her mother, who smiled, and said it was a little incoherent.

"But I cannot write it again, mother," the girl said. "Will you give it to Jennifer when she comes?"

Little did Miss Wenna notice of the beautiful golden afternoon that was shining over Eglosilyan as she left the inn and

stole away out to the rock at the mouth of the little harbour. She spoke to her many acquaintances as she passed, and could not have told a minute thereafter that she had seen them. She said a word or two to the coastguardsman out at the point — an old friend of hers — and then she went round to the seaward side of the rocks, and sat down to think the whole matter over. The sea was as still as a sea in a dream. There was but one ship visible, away down in the south, a brown speck in a flood of golden haze.

When the first startled feeling was over — when she had recovered from the absolute fright that so sudden a proposal had caused her — there was something of pride and pleasure crept into her heart to know that she was not quite the insignificant person she had fancied herself to be. Was it true, then, what he had said about her being of some use to the people around her? Did they really care for her? Had she really won the respect and approval of a man who had hitherto seemed to her suspicious and censorious?

There flashed upon her some faint picture of herself as a matron, and she found herself blushing and smiling at the same time to think of herself going round the cottages as Mrs. Roscorla, and acting the part of a little married woman. If marriage meant no more than that, she was not afraid of it; on the contrary, the prospect rather pleased her. These were duties she could understand. Marriage, in those idle day-dreams of hers, had seemed to her some vague, and distant, and awful thing; all the romance, and worship and noble self-surrender of it being far away from a poor little plain person, not capable of inspiring idealism in anybody. But this, on the other hand, seemed easily within her reach. She became rather amused with the picture of herself which she drew as Mrs. Roscorla. Her quick fancy put in little humorous touches here and there, until she found herself pretty nearly laughing at herself as a small married woman. For what did the frank-spoken heroine of that sailor-ballad say to her lover? If he would be faithful and kind,

Nor your Molly forsake,

Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.

Mr. Roscorla did wear certain white garments occasionally in summer-time, and very smart he looked in them. As for his grog, would she mix the proper

quantities, as they sat together of an evening, by themselves, in that little parlour up at Basset Cottage? And would she have to take his arm as they walked of a Sunday morning to church, up the main street of Eglosilyan, where all her old friends, the children, would be looking at her? And would she some day, with all the airs and counsels of a married woman, have to take Mabyn to her arms and bid the younger sister have confidence, and tell her all the story of her wonder and delight over the new and strange love that had come into her heart? And would she ask Mabyn to describe her lover; and would she act the ordinary part of an experienced adviser, and bid her be cautious, and ask her to wait until the young man had made a position in the world, and had proved himself prudent and sensible, and of steady mind? Or would she not rather fling her arms round her sister's neck, and bid her go down on her knees and thank God for having made her so beautiful, and bid her cherish as the one good thing in all the world the strong and yearning love and admiration and worship of a young and wondering soul?

Wenna Rosewarne had been amusing herself with these pictures of herself as a married woman; but she was crying all the same; and becoming a little impatient with herself, and perhaps a trifle hysterical, she rose from the rocks and thought she would go home again. She had scarcely turned, however, when she met Mr. Roscorla himself, who had seen her at a distance, and followed her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST LOOK BACK.

MR. ROSCORLA may be recommended to ladies generally, and to married men who are haunted by certain vague and vain regrets, as an excellent example of the evils and vanity of club-life. He was now a man approaching fifty, careful in dress and manner, methodical in habit, and grave of aspect, living out a not over-enjoyable life in a solitary little cottage, and content to go for his society to the good folks of the village inn. But five-and-twenty years before he had been a gay young fellow about town, a pretty general favourite, clever in his way, free with his money, and possessed of excellent spirits. He was not very wealthy, to be sure; his father had left him certain shares in some sugar-plantations in Jamaica, but the returns periodically for-

warded to him by his agents were sufficient for his immediate wants. He had few cares, and he seemed on the whole to have a pleasant time of it. On disengaged evenings he lounged about his club, and dined with one or other of the men he knew, and then he played billiards till bed-time. Or he would have nice little dinner-parties at his rooms; and, after the men had changed their coats, would have a few games at whist, perhaps finishing up with a little spurt of unlimited loo. In the season he went to balls, and dinners, and parties of all sorts, singling out a few families with pretty daughters for his special attentions, but careful never to commit himself. When every one went from town he went too, and in the autumn and winter months he had a fair amount of shooting and hunting, guns and horses alike and willingly furnished by his friends.

Once, indeed, he had taken a fancy that he ought to do something, and he went and read law a bit, and ate some dinners, and got called to the Bar. He even went the length of going on Circuit; but either he travelled by coach, or fraternized with a solicitor, or did something objectionable: at all events his Circuit mess fined him: he refused to pay the fine, threw the whole thing up, and returned to his club, and its carefully-ordered dinners, and its friendly game of sixpenny and eighteen-penny pool.

Of course he dressed, and acted, and spoke just as his fellows did, and gradually from the common talk of smoking-rooms imbibed a vast amount of nonsense. He knew that such and such a statesman professed particular opinions only to keep in place and enjoy the loaves and fishes. He could tell you to a penny the bribe given to the editor of the *Times* by a foreign Government for a certain series of articles. As for the stories he heard and repeated of all manner of noble families, they were many of them doubtless true, and they were nearly all unpleasant; but then the tale that would have been regarded with indifference if told about an ordinary person, grew lambent with interest when it was told about a commonplace woman possessed of a shire and a gaby crowned with a coronet. There was no malice in these stories; only the young men were supposed to know everything about the private affairs of a certain number of families no more nearly related to them than their washer-woman.

He was unfortunate, too, in a few per-

sonal experiences. He was a fairly well-intentioned young man, and, going home one night, was moved to pity by the sobbing and exclamations of a little girl of twelve, whose mother was drunk and tumbling about the pavement. The child could not get her mother to go home, and it was now past midnight. Richard Roscorla thought he would interfere, and went over the way and helped the woman to her feet. He had scarcely done so, when the virago turned on him, shouted for help, accused him of assaulting her, and finally hit him straight between the eyes, nearly blinding him, and causing him to keep his chambers for three weeks. After that he gave up the lower classes.

Then a gentleman who had been his bosom friend at Eton, and who had carried away with him so little of the atmosphere of that institution that he by-and-by abandoned himself to trade, renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Roscorla, and besought him to join him in a little business transaction. He only wanted a few thousand pounds to secure the success of a venture that would make both their fortunes. Young Roscorla hesitated. Then his friend sent his wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, and she pleaded with such sweetness and pathos that she actually carried away a cheque for the amount in her beautiful little purse. A couple of days after Mr. Roscorla discovered that his friend had suddenly left the country; that he had induced a good many people to lend him money to start his new enterprise; and that the beautiful lady whom he had sent to plead his cause was a wife certainly, but not his wife. She was, in fact, the wife of one of the swindled creditors, who bore her loss with greater equanimity than he showed in speaking of his departed money. Young Roscorla laughed, and said to himself that a man who wished to have any knowledge of the world must be prepared to pay for it.

The loss of the money, though it pressed him hardly for a few years, and gave a fright to his father's executors, did not trouble him much; for in company with a good many of the young fellows about, he had given himself up to one of the most pleasing delusions which even club-life has fostered. It was the belief of those young men that in England there are a vast number of young ladies of fortune who are so exceedingly anxious to get married, that any decent young fellow of fair appearance and good

manners has only to bide his time in order to be provided for for life. Accordingly Mr. Roscorla and others of his particular set were in no hurry to take a wife. They waited to see who would bid most for them. They were not in want; they could have maintained a wife in a certain fashion; but that was not the fashion in which they hoped to spend the rest of their days, when they consented to relinquish the joys and freedom of bachelorhood. Most of them, indeed, had so thoroughly settled in their own mind the sort of existence to which they were entitled—the house, and horses, and shooting necessary to them—that it was impossible for them to consider any lesser offer; and so they waited from year to year, guarding themselves against temptation, cultivating an excellent taste in various sorts of luxuries, and reserving themselves for the *grand coup* which was to make their fortune. In many cases they looked upon themselves as the victims of the world. They had been deceived by this or the other woman; but now they had done with the fatal passion of love, its dangerous perplexities, and insincere romance; and were resolved to take a sound common-sense view of life. So they waited carelessly, and enjoyed their time, growing in wisdom of a certain sort. They were gentlemanly young fellows enough; they would not have done a dishonourable action for the world; they were well-bred, and would have said no discourteous thing to the woman they married, even though they hated her; they had their cold bath every morning; they lived soberly, if not very righteously; and would not have asked ten points at billiards if they fairly thought they could have played even. The only thing was that they had changed their sex. They were not Perseus, but Andromeda; and while this poor masculine Andromeda remained chained to the rock of an imaginary poverty, the feminine Perseus who was to come in a blaze of jewels and gold to the rescue, still remained afar off, until Andromeda got a little tired.

And so it was with Mr. Richard Roscorla. He lounged about his club, and had nice little dinners; he went to other people's houses, and dined there; with his crush hat under his arm he went to many a dance, and made such acquaintances as he might; but somehow that one supreme chance invariably missed. He did not notice it, any more than his fellows. If you had asked any of them,

they would still have given you those devil-may-care opinions about women, and those shrewd estimates of what was worth living for in the world. They did not seem to be aware that year after year was going by, and that a new race of younger men were coming to the front, eager for all sorts of pastimes, ready to dance till daybreak, and defying with their splendid constitutions the worst champagne a confectioner ever brewed. A man who takes good care of himself is slow to believe that he is growing middle-aged. If the sitting up all night to play loo does him an injury such as he would not have experienced a few years before, he lays the blame of it on the brandy-and-soda. When two or three hours over wet turnips make his knees feel queer, he vows that he is in bad condition, but that a few days' exercise will set him right. It was a long time before Mr. Richard Roscorla would admit to himself that his hair was growing grey. By this time many of his old friends and associates had left the club. Some had died; some had made the best of a bad bargain; and married a plain country cousin; none, to tell the truth, had been rescued by the beautiful heiress for whom they had all been previously waiting. And while these men went away, and while new men came into the club — young fellows with fresh complexions, abundant spirits, a lavish disregard of money, and an amazing enjoyment in drinking any sort of wine — another set of circumstances came into play which rendered it more and more necessary for Mr. Roscorla to change his ways of life.

He was now over forty; his hair was grey; his companions were mostly older men than himself; and he began to be rather pressed for money. The merchants in London who sold for his agents in Jamaica those consignments of sugar and rum sent him every few months statements which showed that either the estates were yielding less, or the markets had fallen, or labour had risen — whatever it might be, his annual income was very seriously impaired. He could no longer afford to play half-crown points at whist: even sixpenny pool was dangerous; and those boxes and stalls which it was once his privilege to take for dowagers gifted with daughters, were altogether out of the question. The rent of his rooms in Jermyn Street was a serious matter; all his little economies at the club were of little avail; at last he resolved to leave London. And then it

was that he bethought him of living permanently at this cottage at Eglosilyan, which had belonged to his grandfather, and which he had visited from time to time during the summer months. He would continue his club-subscription; he would still correspond with certain of his friends; he would occasionally pay a flying visit to London; and down here by the Cornish coast he would live a healthy, economical, contented life.

So he came to Eglosilyan, and took up his abode in the plain white cottage placed amid birch-trees on the side of the hill, and set about providing himself with amusement. He had a good many books, and he read at night over his final pipe; he made friends with the fishermen, and often went out with them; he took a little interest in wild plants; and he rode a sturdy little pony by way of exercise. He was known to the Trelyons, to the clergymen of the neighbourhood, and to one or two families living farther off; but he did not dine out much, for he could not well invite his host to dinner in return. His chief friends, indeed, were the Rosewarne; and scarcely a day passed that he did not call at the inn and have a chat with George Rosewarne, or with his wife and daughters. For the rest, Mr. Roscorla was a small man, sparely built, with somewhat fresh complexion, close-cropped grey hair and iron-grey whiskers. He dressed very neatly and methodically; he was fairly light and active in his walk; and he had a grave, good-natured smile. He was much improved in constitution, indeed, since he came to Eglosilyan; for that was not a place to let any one die of languor, or to encourage complexions of the colour of apple-pudding. Mr. Roscorla, indeed, had the appearance of a pleasant little country lawyer, somewhat finical in dress and grave in manner, and occasionally just a trifle supercilious and cutting in his speech.

He had received Wenna Rosewarne's brief and hurriedly-written note; and if accident had not thrown her in his way, he would doubtless have granted her that time for reflection which she demanded. But happening to be out, he saw her go down towards the rocks beyond the harbour. She had a pretty figure, and she walked gracefully; when he saw her at a distance some little flutter of anxiety disturbed his heart. That glimpse of her — the possibility of securing as his constant companion a girl who walked so daintily and dressed so neatly — added

some little warmth of feeling to the wish he had carefully reasoned out and expressed. For the offer he had sent to Miss Wenna was the result of much calculation. He was half aware that he had let his youth slip by and idled away his opportunities; there was now no chance of his engaging in any profession or pursuit; there was little chance of his bettering his condition by a rich marriage. What could he now offer to a beautiful young creature possessed of fortune such as he had often looked out for, in return for herself and her money? Not his grey hairs, and his asthmatic evenings in winter, and the fixed, and narrow, and oftentimes selfish habits and opinions begotten of a solitary life. Here, on the other hand, was a young lady of pleasing manners and honest nature, and of humble wishes as became her station, whom he might induce to marry him. She had scarcely ever moved out of the small circle around her; and in it were no possible lovers for her. If he did not marry her, she might drift into as hopeless a position as his own. If she consented to marry him, would they not be able to live in a friendly way together, gradually winning each other's sympathy, and making the world a little more sociable and comfortable for both? There was no chance of his going back to the brilliant society in which he had once moved; for there was no one whom he could expect to die and leave him any money. When he went up to town and spent an evening or two at his club, he found himself among strangers; and he could not get that satisfaction out of a solitary dinner that once was his. He returned to his cottage at Eglosilyan with some degree of resignation; and fancied he could live well enough there if Wenna Rosewarne would only come to relieve him from its frightful loneliness.

He blushed when he went forward to her on these rocks, and was exceedingly embarrassed, and could scarcely look her in the face as he begged her pardon for intruding on her, and hoped she would resume her seat. She was a little pale, and would have liked to get away, but was probably so frightened that she did not know how to take the step. Without a word she sat down again, her heart beating as if it would suffocate her. Then there was a terrible pause.

Mr. Roscorla discovered at this moment — and the shock almost bewildered him — that he would have to play the part of a lover. He had left that out of

the question. He had found it easy to dissociate love from marriage in writing a letter; in fact he had written it mainly to get over the necessity of shamming sentiment, but here was a young and sensitive girl, probably with a good deal of romantic nonsense in her head, and he was going to ask her to marry him. And just at this moment, also, a terrible recollection flashed in on his mind of Wenna Rosewarne's liking for humour, and of the merry light he had often seen in her eyes, however demure her manner might be; and then it occurred to him that if he did play the lover, she would know that he knew he was making a fool of himself, and laugh at him in the safe concealment of her own room.

"Of course," he said, making a sudden plunge, followed by a gasp or two — "of course — Miss Wenna — of course you were surprised to get my letter — a letter containing an offer of marriage, and almost nothing about affection in it. Well, there are some things one can neither write nor say — they have so often been the subject of good-natured ridicule that, that —"

"I think one forgets that," Wenna said timidly, "if one is in earnest about anything."

"Oh, I know it is no laughing matter," he said hastily, and conscious that he was becoming more and more commonplace. Oh! for one happy inspiration from some half-remembered drama — a mere line of poetry even! He felt as if he were in court opening a dreary case, uncertain as to the points of his brief, and fearing that the judge was beginning to show impatience.

"Miss Wenna," he said, "you know I find it very difficult to say what I should like to say. That letter did not tell you half — probably you thought it too dry and business-like. But at all events you were not offended?"

"Oh, no," she said, wondering how she could get away, and whether a precipitate plunge into the sea below her would not be the simplest plan. Her head, she felt, was growing giddy, and she began to hear snatches of "Wapping Old Stairs" in the roar of the waves around her.

"And of course you will think me unfair and precipitate in not giving you more time — if I ask you just now whether I may hope that your answer will be favourable. You must put it down to my anxiety; and although you may be inclined to laugh at that —"

"Oh, no, Mr. Roscorla," she said, with her eyes still looking down.

"Well, at all events, you won't think that I was saying anything I didn't believe, merely to back up my own case in that letter. I do believe it—I wish I could convince you as I certainly know time would convince you. I have seen a great deal of that wild passion which romance-writers talk about as a fine thing—I have seen a great deal of it in circles where it got full play, because the people were not restrained by the hard exigencies of life, and had little else to think about than falling in love and getting out of it again. I would not sadden you by telling you what I have seen as the general and principal results. The tragedies I have witnessed of the young fellows whose lives have been ruined—the women who have been disgraced and turned out into the world broken-hearted—why I dare not sully your imagination with such stories; but any one who has had experience of men and women, and known intimately the histories of a few families, would corroborate me."

He spoke earnestly; he really believed what he said. But he did not explain to her that his knowledge of life was chiefly derived from the confidences of a few young men of indifferent morals, small brains, and abundant money. He had himself, by the way, been hit. For one brief year of madness he had given himself up to an infatuation for somebody or other, until his eyes were opened to his folly, and he awoke to find himself a sufferer in health and purse, and the object of the laughter of his friends. But all that was an addition to his stock of knowledge of the world. He grew more and more wise; and was content to have paid for his wisdom.

"My knowledge of these things may have made me suspicious," he continued, "and very often I have seen that you considered me unjust to people whom you knew. Well, you like missionary work, Miss Wenna, and I am anxious to be converted. No—no—don't imagine I press you for an answer just now, I am merely adding a little to my letter."

"But you know, Mr. Roscorla," the girl said, with a meekness that seemed to have no sarcasm in it—"you know you have often remonstrated with me about my missionary work. You have tried to make me believe that I was doing wrongly in giving away little charities that I could afford. Also, that I had a superstition

about self-sacrifice—although I am sure I don't consider myself sacrificed."

He was a little embarrassed, but he said in an off-hand way:—

"Well, speaking generally, that is what I think. I think you should consider yourself a little bit. Your health and comfort are of as great importance as anybody's in Eglosilyan; and all that teaching and nursing—why don't the people do it for themselves? But then, don't you see, Miss Wenna, I am willing to be converted on all these points?"

It occurred to Wenna Rosewarne at this moment that a harsh person might think that Mr. Roscorla only wanted her to give up sacrificing herself to the people of Eglosilyan, that she might sacrifice herself to him. And somehow there floated into her mind a suggestion of Molly's duties—of the washing of clothes and the mixing of grog—and for the life of her she could not repress a smile. And then she grew mightily embarrassed; for Mr. Roscorla had perceived that smile, and she fancied he might be hurt, and with that she proceeded to assure him with much earnestness that doing good to others, in as far as she could, was in her case really and truly the blackest form of selfishness, that she did it only to please herself, and that the praises in his letter to her, and his notions as to what the people thought of her, were altogether uncalled-for and wrong.

But here Mr. Roscorla got an opening, and made use of it dexterously. For Miss Wenna's weak side was a great distrust of herself, and a longing to be assured that she was cared for by anybody, and of some little account in the world. To tell her that the people of Eglosilyan were without exception fond of her, and ready at all moments to say kind things of her, was the sweetest flattery to her ears. Mr. Roscorla easily perceived this, and made excellent use of his discovery. If she did not quite believe all that she heard, she was secretly delighted to hear it. It hinted at the possible realization of all her dreams, even though she could never be beautiful, rich, and of noble presence. Wenna's heart rather inclined to her companion just then. He seemed to her to be a connecting link between her and her manifold friends in Eglosilyan; for how had he heard those things, which she had not heard, if he were not in general communication with them? He seemed to her, too, a friendly coun-

seller on whom she could rely ; he was the very first, indeed, who had ever offered to help her in her work.

Mr. Roscorla, glad to see that he was getting on so well, grew reckless somewhat and fell into a grievous blunder. He fancied that a subtle sort of flattery to her would be conveyed by some hinted depreciation of her sister Mabyn. Alas ! at the first suggestion of it, all the pleased friendliness of her face instantly vanished, and she looked at him only with a stare of surprise. He saw his error. He retreated from that dangerous ground precipitately ; but it needed a good deal of assiduous labour before he had talked her into a good humour again.

He did not urge his suit in direct terms. But surely, he said to himself, it means much if a girl allows you to talk in the most roundabout way of a proposal of marriage which you have made to her, without sending you off point-blank. Surely she was at least willing to be convinced or persuaded. Certainly, Miss Wenna could not very well get away without appearing to be rude ; but at the same time she showed no wish to get away. On the contrary, she talked with him in a desultory and timid fashion, her eyes cast down, and her fingers twisting bits of sea-pink, and she listened with much attention to all his descriptions of the happy life led by people who knew how to be good friends.

"It is far more a matter of intention than of temper," he said. "When once two people find out the good qualities in each other, they should fix their faith on those, and let the others be overlooked as much as possible. With a little consideration, the worst of tempers can be managed ; but to meet temper with temper — ! And then each of them should remember, supposing that the other is manifestly wrong at this particular moment, that he or she is likely to be wrong at some other time. But I don't think there is much to be feared from your temper, Miss Wenna ; and as for mine — I suppose I get vexed sometimes, like other people, but I don't think I am bad-tempered, and I am sure I should never be bad-tempered to you. I don't think I should readily forget what I owe you for taking pity on a solitary old fellow like myself, if I can only persuade you to do that, and for being content to live a humdrum life up in that small cottage. By the way, do you like riding, Wenna ? Has your father got a lady's saddle ?"

The question startled her so that the

blood rushed to her face in a moment, and she could not answer. Was it not that very morning that she had been asked almost the same question by Mr. Trelyon ? And while she was dreamily looking at an imaginative picture of her future life, calm and placid and commonplace, the sudden introduction into it of Harry Trelyon almost frightened her. The mere recalling of his name, indeed, shattered that magic-lantern slide, and took her back to their parting of the forenoon, when he left her in something of an angry fashion ; or rather it took her still further back — to one bright summer morning on which she had met young Trelyon riding over the downs to St. Gennis. We all of us know how apt the mind is to retain one particular impression of a friend's appearance, sometimes even in the matter of dress and occupation. When we recall such and such a person, we think of a particular smile, a particular look ; perhaps one particular incident of his or her life. Whenever Wenna Rosewarne thought of Mr. Trelyon, she thought of him as she saw him on that one morning. She was coming along the rough path that crosses the bare uplands by the sea ; he was riding by another path some little distance off, and did not notice her. The boy was riding hard ; the sunlight was on his face. He was singing aloud some song about the Cavaliers and King Charles. Two or three years had come and gone since then. She had seen Master Harry in many a mood, and not unfrequently ill-tempered and sulky ; but whenever she thought of him suddenly, her memory presented her with that picture ; and it was a picture of a handsome English lad riding by on a summer morning, singing a brave song, and with all the light of youth, and hope, and courage shining on his face.

She rose quickly, and with a sigh, as if she had been dreaming for a time, and forgetting for a moment the sadness of the world.

"Oh, you asked about a saddle," she said in a matter-of-fact-way. "Yes, I think my father has one. I think I must be going home now, Mr. Roscorla."

"No, not yet," he said in a pleading way. "Give me a few more minutes. I mayn't have another chance before you make up your mind ; and then, when that is done, I suppose it is all over, so far as persuasion goes. What I am most anxious about is that you should believe there is more affection in my offer than I

have actually conveyed in words. Don't imagine it is merely a commonplace bargain I want you to enter into. I hope, indeed, that in time I shall win from you something warmer than affection, if only you give me a chance. Now, Wenna, won't you give me some word of assurance—some hint that it may come all right?"

She stood before him, with her eyes cast down, and remained silent for what seemed to him a strangely long time. Was she bidding good-by to all the romantic dreams of her youth—to that craving in a girl's heart for some firm and sure ideal of manly love, and courage, and devotion to which she can cling through good report and bad report? Was she reconciling herself to the plain and common ways of the married life placed before her? She said at length, in a low voice:

"You won't ask me to leave Eglosilyan?"

"Certainly not," he said, eagerly. "And you will see how I will try to join you in all your work there, and how much easier and pleasanter it will be for you, and how much more satisfactory for all the people round you."

She put out her hand timidly, her eyes still cast down.

"You will be my wife, Wenna?"

"Yes," she said.

Mr. Roscorla was conscious that he ought at this supreme moment in a man's life to experience a strange thrill of happiness. He almost waited for it; he felt instead a very distinct sense of embarrassment in not knowing what to do or say next. He supposed that he ought to kiss her, but he dared not. As he himself had said, Wenna Rosewarne was so fine and shy that he shrank from wounding her extreme sensitiveness, and to step forward and kiss this small and gentle creature, who stood there with her pale face faintly flushed and her eyes averted—why, it was impossible. He had heard of girls, in wild moments of pleasure and persuasion, suddenly raising their tear-filled eyes to their lovers' face, and signing away their whole existence with one full, passionate and yearning kiss. But to steal a kiss from this calm little girl! He felt he should be acting the part of a jocular ploughboy.

"Wenna," he said at length, "you have made me very happy. I am sure you will never repent your decision; at least I shall do my best to make you think you have done right. And, Wenna,

I have to dine with the Trelyons on Friday evening; would you allow me to tell them something of what has happened?"

"The Trelyons!" she repeated, looking up in a startled way.

It was of evil omen for this man's happiness that the mere mention of that word turned this girl, who had just been yielding up her life to him, into a woman as obdurate and unimpressible as a piece of marble.

"Mr. Roscorla," she said, with a certain hard decision of voice, "I must ask you to give me back that promise I made. I forgot—it was too hurried; why would you not wait?"

He was fairly stupefied.

"Mr. Roscorla," she said, with almost something of petulant impatience in her voice, "you must let me go now; I am quite tired out. I will write to you to-morrow or next day, as I promised."

She passed him and went on, leaving him unable to utter a word of protest. But she had only gone a few steps when she returned, and held out her hand, and said:

"I hope I have not offended you? It seems that I must offend everybody now; but I am a little tired, Mr. Roscorla."

There was just the least quiver about her lips; and as all this was a profound mystery to him, he fancied he must have tired her out, and he inwardly called himself a brute.

"My dear Wenna," he said, "you have not offended me—you have not really. It is I who must apologize to you. I am so sorry I should have worried you; it was very inconsiderate. Pray take your own time about that letter."

So she went away, and passed round to the other side of the rocks, and came in view of the small winding harbour, and the mill, and the inn. Far away up there, over the cliffs, were the downs on which she had met Harry Trelyon that summer morning, as he rode by, singing in the mere joyousness of youth, and happy and pleased with all the world. She could hear the song he was singing then; she could see the sunlight that was shining on his face. It appeared to her to be long ago. This girl was but eighteen years of age, and yet, as she walked down towards Eglosilyan, there was a weight on her heart that seemed to tell her she was growing old.

And now the western sky was red with the sunset, and the rich light burned

along the crests of the hills, on the golden furze, the purple heather, and the deep-coloured rocks. The world seemed all ablaze up there; but down here, as she went by the harbour and crossed over the bridge by the mill, Eglosilyan lay pale and grey in the hollow; and even the great black wheel was silent.

From The Contemporary Review.
HOMER'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

BY HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

PART I.*

IN an endeavour to fix the place of Homer in History and in the Egyptian Chronology, now in some degree established, I may perhaps be allowed, for the sake of clearness, to begin by stating my point of departure.

I am among those who have contended —

1. That the poems of Homer were in the highest sense historical, as a record of "manners and characters, feelings and tastes, races and countries, principles and institutions."†

2. That there was a solid nucleus of fact in his account of the Trojan War.

3. That there were no adequate data for assigning to him, or to the *Troica*, a place in Chronology.‡

4. That his Chronology was to be found in his Genealogies, which were usually careful and consistent, and which therefore served to establish a relative series of persons and events, within his proper sphere, but did not supply links of definite connection with the general course of human affairs outside of that sphere in time or place.§

5. That there was no extravagance in supposing he might have lived within a half century after the War, though he was certainly not an eye-witness of it.||

6. That there was very strong reason to believe that he lived before the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnesos.¶

And in 1868 ** I pointed out that the

time might be at hand, when from further investigations it would be possible to define with greater precision those periods of the Egyptian Chronology, to which the Homeric Poems, and their subject, appeared to be related. It appears to me that the time has now come to expand and add to the suggestions which even at that time I ventured to submit.*

In the argument I am about to introduce, it is not necessary to beg any of the questions which relate to the existence of one or several Homers, or to the reference of the two Poems to the same authorship, or to deal with the subject of subsequent textual manipulation. By the word Homer, which probably means no more than Composer, it is not necessary at this stage to understand more than "the Poet or Poets from whom proceeded the substance of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*."

Without at all impairing the force of these admissions, I wish now to carry the propositions themselves greatly farther, and to offer various presumptions, which combinedly carry us some way on the road to proof, of a distinct relation of time between the Homeric Poems, and other incidents of human history, which are extraneous to them, but are already in the main reduced into chronological order and succession — namely, part of the series of Egyptian Dynasties. If this relation shall be established, it indirectly embraces a further relation to the Chronology of the Hebrew Records. The whole taken together may soon come to supply the rudiments of a *corpus* of regular history, likely, as I trust, to be much enlarged, and advanced towards perfect order and perspicuity, from Assyrian and other sources, some of them Eastern, others lying on the cincture of the Mediterranean Sea.

We have seen that, until lately, the Poems, even if offering within their own area a wide space of solid and coherent ground, yet seemed to float like Delos on the sea of time.

The present century, and the present generation, have been enriched by a supply of new materials. When the great Egyptian Empire came to be the subject of real knowledge, another waif of history

ordinary reader. I received this treatise, through his great courtesy, from himself in 1873. He describes this essay towards a connection of the two as the first (p. 40), and as, therefore, requiring indulgence. His line of movement is however distinct from, though parallel to mine. To a certain extent Sir G. Wilkinson had touched on the same matter as Professor Lauch.

* Juv. Mundi, chap. v. p. 143.

* The second part of this article was accidentally substituted for the first in LIVING AGE, No. 1574.

† "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. i. pp. 35-6; Juv. Mundi, p. 7.

‡ Studies, vol. i., p. 37; Juv. Mundi, p. 6.

§ Juv. Mundi, p. 3.

¶ Studies, vol. i., p. 37.

|| Studies, vol. i., p. 37, and Juv. Mundi, p. 6.

** In 1867, Professor Lauch, of Munich, published his valuable tract called "Homer und Ägypten," in which he traces philologically numerous notes of connection between the Poems and Egypt, of which the text itself would for the most part convey no idea to the

was firmly set upon the shore; and the deciphering of the inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments and *papyri* has opened new lights, of some of which I hope to show the value.

Those who attach weight to the speculations of the ancients individually on the date of Homer or of the Poems, may find them set out and discussed in Dr. H. Düntzer's *Homerische Fragen*, chap. iv.* The different opinions seem to agree only in this, that they have no distinctly historical or evidential basis. They are opinions, and nothing more. But they range over the whole period between the time of the Capture, and the date of the Olympiad of Coræbus, 776 B.C. The Capture itself was placed by some in the twelfth century, but more commonly in the thirteenth, till Eratosthenes computed it to have taken place in the year 1183 B.C. Collateral knowledge, and the growth of critical arts, have opened to us paths, which were closed at earlier dates to better men. Before proceeding, however, to extend generally the ground of the propositions, I shall submit some remarks in confirmation on the Second and Sixth of them, and thus I hope to prepare the way for the more strictly historical argument.

The doctrine of the nucleus of fact appears to have derived, and that very recently, most powerful confirmations from the progress of Archaeology. The researches of General Cesnola in Cyprus resulted in obtaining a collection of sculptured objects, which considerably enlarged the range of pre-historic Art; and of implements and utensils, exhibiting so extensive an use of uncombined copper, and so clear and wide an application of that metal to cutting purposes, as at once to suggest a modification of the theories of those who, in arranging what may be termed their metallic periods, assume that the age of bronze invariably came in immediate succession to the age of stone. These objects were partially opened to view in London during the autumn of 1872, on their way to their new home in America.

Still more, and much more, important have been the excavations of Dr. Schliemann. His large collections have been inspected at Athens by Professor Burnouf of Athens, and by Mr. Newton of the British Museum. In this country we have had the opportunity of such examination as Dr. Schliemann's collection of

photographs, in some instances rather imperfectly executed, would allow. Reviews of high authority have, within a few weeks of the publication of the "Ausgrabungen," recognized their importance in elaborate essays. The careful and able article of the *Quarterly Review* in particular, accepts as completely proved, the existence of a pre-historic city (I use the epithet in reference to Greek History as commonly received) on the small hill of Hissarlik in the Troad, sacked by enemies, and consumed by fire; one which exhibits signs of wealth and considerable civilization, and which lies under the several beds of *débris* belonging to three subsequent locations on the same spot. And, of these three, the most modern is the *Ilium Novum*, which has for the approximate date of its foundation about 700 B.C.* The two sets of intermediate possessors of the ground appear to have been composed of less civilized tribes, probably from Thrace, and to have erected slighter habitations with the incidents of ruder life.† A real objective Troy is thus, for the first time, with some marked notes of probability, presented to our view.

Of the two very distinct senses which I have specified above, and in either of which the Poems may, or may not, be historical, one is but a little illustrated either way in detail by these remarkable discoveries. There may have been a real Troy, and a real sack and conflagration of Troy, and yet not one of the characters or of the other incidents of the tale, may ever have existed. But in the other and higher sense in which, taught always by the text itself, I have ever contended that the Poems are historical, these researches have apparently provided us with some, and perhaps with sufficient means of carrying the question to a final issue. I shall not here attempt to examine this matter in detail. It would not suit the present design, which is to effect something towards linking the Homeric Poems with the general history of the world. But I will briefly furnish in the form of Theses, a comparison in a number of leading points of usages and manners, between the testimony of the Poems and what we have thus far every reason to believe to be the testimony rendered by the excavations of this intelligent, enterprising, and indefatigable explorer.

I admit, indeed, that in no view of the

* Leipzig, 1874.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 272, p. 539.
† *Ibid.* p. 558.

case do the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann avail or assist towards the design of fixing for the Trojan War a place in Chronology. Any opinion whatever may be held with reference to these excavations, without either strengthening or enfeebling the arguments which have been, or may be, offered for the purpose of fixing a date for Homer. M. François Lenormant* considers that we have reached a point at which we may hope to find a chronological basis for the Trojan War and the Pelopid dynasty; but entirely declines to allow that the Schliemann excavations have given us the Homeric Troy. He conceives that the objects recovered belong to an older period and city. I confine myself altogether to a rapid notice of the relation between these excavations and the Homeric text. It appears to me to be, as far as it goes, one of undeniable and even somewhat close correspondence. But neither will the correspondence determine the chronological question, nor the failure to establish it impede that determination.

1. The Excavations present to us the handiwork, in the City disclosed, amidst other remains of dwellings not durable or solid, of great primitive Builders.† Even so the Poems, which represent the walls of Troy as the work of Poseidon, thus place the City in immediate relation to the great Building race of prehistoric times, which has left traces of its works at so many points on the shores of the Mediterranean.

2. The Excavations, according to our present information, present to us copper as the staple material of the implements, utensils, and of the weapons, so far as they were metallic, of the inhabitants of Troy. So do the Poems.

3. The Excavations appear to show, together with the general prevalence of copper, an occasional use of Bronze.‡ So, if I am right in holding that *Kuanos* probably signifies Bronze,§ do the Poems. I may add a remark. The two Battle-axes, which have been determined by chemical analysis to be of bronze, were found in immediate, or close juxtaposition with the mass of the more precious objects. The presumption is thus raised that they belonged to the Royal House, or to the wealthy. Now, as tin is in Ho-

mer a metal of high value and rarity,* bronze axes would evidently be costly, and their use confined to the highest classes.

4. The Excavations have supplied two head-dresses or ornaments of pure gold.† These appear to supply a perfect explanation of the *πλεκτὴ ἀναδύουσα*, the twined or plaited fillet (of gold), which formed part of the head-dress of Andromachè,‡ torn off in the agony of her grief on Hector's death. These ornaments form part of Dr. Schliemann's "Treasure," which he, not without reasonable presumption, conceives to have been lost, or put away, in an endeavour to save it on account of its great importance. And the passage in the Iliad testifies to the great significance of this head-dress; of which a portion, the *κρήδεμνον* or turban, was presented, so runs the legend, to the princess by Aphrodite on her marriage day.§

5. Among his other treasures Dr. Schliemann has found six oblong plates, said to be of silver,|| which he takes to be the *talanta* of Homer, and which range in weight from 171 up to 190 grammes; they may be taken roughly at five ounces each, more or less, and at the present value of twenty-five shillings in our money. Such plates evidently belong to an epoch when the use of the precious metals was unknown in minor transactions of exchange, but when they might be employed (1) as stored wealth; (2) in manufacture of rare and valuable objects for great and royal households; (3) in simple and at the same time considerable payments or presents. Now this is the very light in which the use of these metals is represented to us by the Poem throughout. In the last named use of them, we have the two examples of the fee to the successful Judge,¶ and of the fourth prize in the Chariot race,** each of which consists of two talents of gold. We have no mention of talents of silver in the Poems: but the same state of things which would lead to the handling of the one metal in this way would probably have the same result with the other: indeed it is plain from the Poems that silver and gold were much more nearly on a par as to value than they now are.

* *The Academy*, No. 99. p. 344. Date March 28, 1874.

† Schliemann, *Photographische Abbildungen*, Tafel 218. *The Edinburgh Review*, April 1874, p. 529.

‡ Schliemann, *Trojanische Alterthümer*, p. 323.

§ *Juv. Mundi*, p. 537.

* *Ibid.*

† *Quarterly Review*, pp. 552-3

‡ *Il.* xxii. 468-72.

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Photographische Abbildungen*, Tafel 200 and p. 53 of description.

¶ *Il.* xviii., 507.

** *Il.* xxiii. 269.

6. There is no trace in the Excavations of any image which could be employed for purposes of popular worship. Indeed there is no representation, apparently, of the human face or form proper, but only scratchings, and perhaps some partial moulding, not rude only but generally repulsive, and executed on the face of some jug or like vessel. It has been much contested whether the Poems bear any testimony to the use of statues in Divine worship. Col. Mure argues strongly the affirmative, from the deposition of the votive robe "on the knees" of Athenè.* But when Homer's intense feeling for Art is considered, it would seem that if there had been anything like well-wrought statues, or any frequent use of images as objects of veneration, the reference must have been more specific, and must almost certainly, in one form or other, and probably in several, have recurred. The most probable supposition seems to be that there was in the temple of Athenè, and possibly in other temples, some rude figure of wood, one of the *ξύλα* mentioned by Pausanias as the archaic description of statue for purposes of religion. Such an object could not fail to be consumed in the conflagration of the city. In the absence of statues of the gods, as we understand them, both from the Poems and from the Excavations, we seem to find another remarkable correspondence.

7. The remark may be extended to Art generally. Objects of fine Art in the Poems, it may be said as a rule, are imported into Greece or Troas, and stand in immediate relation to the East, to Hephaistos, and to the Phoinikes as the carriers of them by sea. Even so, I think, we may conclude that the higher ornamental objects disclosed by the Excavations were not the productions of the same people who scratched hideous indications of eyes, noses, and the like, on their earthenware; but were imported from abroad.

8. Again, with respect to writing. I do not presume to give any opinion as to the so-called Inscriptions on the objects excavated from the Troic level. They are the subjects of much debate among the learned.† Taking them at the most, and under any of the interpretations which have been suggested, they seem to show a state of things in which writing was practically unknown for ordinary

purposes, was struggling into the very first stages of alphabetic use, was still in a foreign character, and was the rare and recondite possession of a very few. But this affords a close parallel to the position of writing in the Homeric Poems, where anything approaching to it is but twice, or more probably but once, mentioned, or even implied.

9. In the Poems, iron is very rare. In the Excavations, it has not yet even appeared. I need hardly observe that it is a metal extremely perishable.

10. The Electron,* a mixture of gold and silver, or, as some think, gold with its native silver unextracted, has been discovered by Dr. Schliemann in a notable case of a cup. It is named, though only thrice by Homer, once in the abstract for brilliancy, twice in works of female ornament.†

11. There is no trace, we are given to understand, of painted pottery at Hissarlik. Neither is there in the Poems.

12. The larger works of Art in the Poems are never of gold, always of silver; although silver appears to have been the rarer (not the more precious) of the two metals. Dr. Schliemann has found a vase of silver, with a cup of Electron near it; but no such vessel of gold. (The numbers are 3585, 3586, Photogr. 197.)

This is a considerable body of evidence; and the Excavations and the Poems thus far greatly fortify one another. It may hereafter be enlarged. I do not at any rate expect a contrary movement, though I admit it to be possible, and do not absolutely rely on all the particulars I have quoted. I observe a want of substance in the only case of discrepancy which as yet appears to have been raised. Dr. Schliemann himself considers that according to the Iliad Troy should have had at least 50,000 inhabitants; and he is disappointed at its smallness. He thinks it limited to a space about equal to a square of 260 yards. The *Edinburgh Review* ‡ justly observes, following a hint of Mr. Clark in his "Peloponnesus," that the walled city was commonly a place of strength and refuge, with a population in huts and cabins around it. But the *Review* falls into the error of representing that the Poem describes Troy as a noble city with spacious streets. This is not so. Ilios in

* Mure's "Literature of Greece;" II. vi. 303.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1874, p. 530.

* It is, however, much debated whether the Electron of Homer means a metal thus mixed, or amber.

† Od. iv. 73, and Od. xv. 459, xviii. 295.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1874, p. 530.

Homer is lofty, is beetling, is wind-swept, is sacred, is I know not what, except large, or well-built, or broad, or broadwayed. True, he represents the Trojan watchfires* as a thousand (a number which I think he never uses except vaguely—it is beyond his arithmetical faculty or habit); and fifty men, but not fifty Trojans, by each. The explanation is, that the great numerical bulk of the Trojan force is understood to have been composed of the Allies,† who inhabited a range of country twenty times as large as Troas. In a passage more exact and trustworthy,‡ for it avoids the use of large numbers, we are informed that the Trojans proper were much less than one-tenth of the Achaian force.

So much for the gift Dr. Schliemann has made us, and for the nucleus of fact in the Poems. A few words now on the Sixth Proposition.

I must confess it to be a common assumption, repeated in a multitude of quarters, that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, living after the great eastward migration. I could almost as easily believe him an Englishman, or Shakespeare a Frenchman, or Dante an American.

In support of this proposition, I have seen but little serious argument. The elegant but very slight treatise of Wood adopted it, and occupied the field in this country, at a period when the systematic study of the text had not yet begun. The passage in Il. IV. 51 § requires, I think, no such conclusion. But if it did (though this remedy is not one to be lightly adopted) it ought itself to be rejected without hesitation or mercy. I will only here mention a few of the arguments against the opinion which denies to Homer a home in Achaian Greece; only premising that he lived under the voluntary system, and sang for his bread.

1. It is the Achaian name and race, to which the Poems give paramount glory. But, after the invasion of the Heraclids, the Achaians had sunk to be one of the most insignificant, and indeed discredited, portions of the Greek people.

2. Conversely, if Homer had sung at such a period, the Dorians, supreme in the Greek Peninsula, the Ionians, rising in Attica, or distinguished and flourishing in Asia Minor, could not have failed to hold a prominent and favourable position in the Poems. Whereas, while the

older names of *Argeioi* and *Danaoi* are constantly put forward, the Dorian name, but twice mentioned, is altogether insignificant; and the Ionian name, besides being obscure, is coupled with the epithet *ἄλκεῖτρον*, tunic-trailing, in the one place where the Ionian soldiery are introduced; * surely a disparaging designation for troops.

3. The Athenians, who had been the hosts of the non-Dorian Refugees, must have been in very high estimation with a Bard sprung from them. But their general position in the Poems is one of inferiority; their chief is undistinguished; he is even capable of terror, which never happens with the great or genuine Achaian chieftain; and the passage of the Catalogue, in which he and they are praised, is wholly isolated, stands in contrast with the general strain of the Catalogue itself, and is on the whole the most justly as well as perhaps the most generally suspected passage in the Poems.

4. In the Greek Catalogue, there are about seventy points of what may be called distinct local colour or association. It consists of 265 lines; out of which from twenty to thirty give the numbers in ships, and a larger number detail historic legends. The Trojan Catalogue, embracing the whole west coast of Asia Minor, is in 62 verses; but instead of having a note of local colour in each three lines or thereabouts, has one in each ten. How is this compatible with the doctrine that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, pursuing his vocation as a minstrel, chiefly on the east side of the Archipelago (the richer and more peaceful), but was a comparative stranger in the Greek Peninsula?

5. As the Hymn to Apollo cannot, in its present form, be the work of the Poet of the Iliad and Odyssey, the authority of the passage quoted by Thucydides is not great; but the assertion contained in the passage itself is not that Homer was an Asiatic Greek. It is only that he being blind, and from the tone of it apparently in advanced life, was a dweller in Chios.

6. It is true that the Poet's knowledge of the South of Greece, and especially of the Islands on the West, does not appear to have been extensive and exact; but of Asia Minor, except at the extreme North-Western corner, the scene of the War, he has shown hardly any knowledge at all.

7. Is it conceivable that, after a revo-

* Il. viii. 562-3.

† Il. ii. 139.

‡ Il. ii. 123-8.

§ Studies, &c., vol. i. p. 39.

* Il. xiii. 685.

lution involving such extensive change, and such translocation of races, as the Return of the Heraclids, not one word betraying any reference to it should be found in 27,600 lines, except an indication of the destruction of Sparta, Argos, and Mycenæ by this revolution, which after all it did not destroy? although the transfer of power to Sparta and Argos threw Mycenæ into the shade.

8. But this strong negative argument is less strong than the positive argument. *What* is it, what men, what manners, what age is it that Homer sings of? I aver that they are Achaian men, Achaian manners, an Achaian age. How could the Colonies in Asia Minor have supplied him with his ideas of free yet kingly government? What do we know of any practice of oratory there such as could have inspired his great speeches and debates? The Achaian character in the heroic form, with its astonishing union of force and even violence, with gentleness and refinement, how did he learn of this but by observation of those among whom and whose representatives he lived? There is an entireness and an originality in that Achaian life, an atmosphere in which all its figures move, which was afterwards vaguely and faintly embodied by poets in the idea of an heroic age, which hardly could have been, and which we have not the smallest reason to suppose was, reproduced on a new soil, and in immensely modified circumstances after the migration.

9. In truth, the traditions about the birthplace of Homer are covered with marks truly mythical. That is, they are just such as men, in the actual course of things, were likely to forge. If he lived and sung amidst an Achaian civilization, yet that civilization was soon and violently swept away. The most masculine, but the hardest and rudest offspring of the Hellenic stock were brought to the front, and became supreme for centuries; a race apparently incapable, throughout all time, of assimilating the finer elements of Greek civilization. Together with the more genial and appreciative portion of the nation, the recitation of the Poems could not but migrate too. Hence without doubt the tradition that Lucourgos brought them into Greece; that is, he probably brought them back, to melt, or smelt, if he could, his men of iron. But, during all the time of their banishment from the Peninsula, these Poems may well have had an enduring continuous currency among the children of those

whose sires in recent generations had so loved to hear them, and whose remoter heroes had, or were thought to have, received from them the gift of immortality.

Thus, by a natural progression, as the Poems were for the time Asiatic, all relating to them, and most of all the Singer, came to be claimed as Asiatic too. In the verse *Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ*, we have set forth as candidates for the honour of having given him birth, cities of which only one (Argos) has a considerable interest in the action of the "Iliad," but most of which, as the seats of an after civilization and power, had harboured and enjoyed his works. Such, it appears to me, is no unnatural explanation of the growth and progress of an opinion which, when tried upon its merits only, must, I think, seem a strange one to those who have at all tried to measure truly the extraordinary nearness of feeling and sympathy between Homer and the men and deeds he celebrates.

I have touched on these two collateral subjects for different, but I think sufficient reasons. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann demanded at least a slight notice from any one, who happened to be engaged upon the Homeric question in its historical aspect at the moment when they have just been made known: and their tendency is to give him possession of a point in space, as I seek for him the possession of a point in time. It was more directly needful to enter my protest against the notion that the Poems were or could have had their birthplace in Asia, and after the Dorian invasion. Over the period preceding that invasion, Egypt, even in the decline of its power, still cast a majestic shadow; from out of the bosom of that empire it was that immigration, navigation, and perhaps the direct exercise of political power, had carried forth the seeds of knowledge and the arts, and had deposited them in the happiest soil in which they were ever to germinate. And with the indirect signs and effects of this remarkable process, the Poems are charged throughout. I am now about to draw attention, not to these numerous and sometimes obscure indications, but to notes which, though few in number, are generally of a very direct character. But I feel that they could hardly appear other than an idle dream to minds tenaciously prepossessed with the belief that Homer was an Asiatic Greek of the period after the Migration. Egypt then was for Greece no

more than a name: its greatness was forgotten, it was neither friend nor foe, so far as we know; the relations, which had once subsisted, were buried in darkness, the old migrations from the East had assumed the form almost of old wives' fables. A poet of that day and place would scarcely have had occasion to give so much as a note of the existence of Egypt. And if the notes on which I shall now dwell, or the many and varied notes which others have observed, have substance in them, they certainly supply a new argument against placing the composition of the Poems, in their substance, after the Dorian Conquest.

What I have to do is to investigate the relation of certain names, which appear upon the Egyptian records in connection with specified events, to those same names as they stand in the Homeric Poems; and the consequences which arise from the establishment of such relation. The heads of evidence may be arranged as follows:—

- I. THE DARDANIAN LINK.
- II. THE ACHAIAN LINK.
- III. THE LINK OF EGYPTIAN THEBES.
- IV. THE SIDONIAN LINK.
- V. THE LEGEND OF MEMNON, AND THE KETEIANS OR KHITIANS OF THE ELEVENTH ODYSSEY.
- VI. THE LEGEND OF THE PSEUDODYSSEUS; AND THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP ARGO.
- VII. HOMER AND SESOSTRIS, OR RAMSES II.

We may now, therefore, pass to the proper subject of this inquiry: but let it be borne in mind that I take the Poems simply as facts, and that I ask nothing *in limine* from such as follow Bentley, or Wolf, or Lachmann, or Nitzsch, or Grote, or Paley; though I believe that the results of all investigation truly historical will have their bearings, in various degrees and forms, on the respective theories of those learned men.

I.—THE DARDANIAN LINK.

The Dardanian name in the Iliad is the oldest of all those names found in the Poems, which are linked by a distinct genealogy with the epoch of the action. I enter into no question concerning such names as Iaon* or Iapetos.† Nor do I attempt to examine the case of the name Havanu, found in the Inscriptions of the

Eleventh Egyptian Dynasty, on account of the great uncertainty still attaching to the Chronology of and before the time of the Shepherd Kings.

Hector, Paris, and Aineias are in the seventh generation from Dardanos.* They each individually may be taken as men of mature age. Dardanos at a corresponding age may thus be taken roughly to belong to a point in time about 180 years before the War of Troy.

He founded the city of Dardania, situated upon the lowest slopes of Ida. And he was the son of Zeus; that is, in legendary language, as I apprehend, there being no mother or incident of the legendary phrase, he was the first recorded king and first regular settler of the country. The Poem expressly states that he gave his name to the city. He also gave his name to the inhabitants; who in the seventh generation are still called *Dardanioi*. And this adjective is used in the feminine plural with respect to the Dardanian Gates,‡ those which faced the hills and the South, while the Skaian Gates faced the sea and the North. As it extended also to the people, everything seems to show that this Eponymos, or Name-founder, left a deep mark. The Dardanians appear in the Catalogue as a separate contingent.‡ Under the supremacy of Troy and Priam, Anchises, their king, was a sub-sovereign, and the famous prophecy of Poseidon, in Il. XX. 307, imports not the rebuilding of Ilios, but the continuance of the Dardanian sovereigns, and the resumption of their authority over Troas. This is stated in so many words; Τρῳεσσιν ἀνάξει. And it is generally admitted and alleged that Homer must himself have witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The word *Dardanides* stands for Dardanian women, expressly distinct from the Trojan women.§ So does *Dardaniones* || for the men. Though the Trojan name covers the whole force in the general descriptions, the Dardans or Dardanians are always separate in the vocative addresses of the Chieftains, which are directed either to "Trojans, Dardans, and allies," ¶ or to "Trojans, Lukians, and Dardans fighting hand to hand." ** We have also two cases of Dardan warriors

* Il. xx. 215-40.

† Il. ii. 819; Il. v. 789; xxii. 194 & 413.

‡ Il. ii. 819.

§ Il. xviii. 122, 339.

|| Il. vii. 414; viii. 154.

¶ Il. iii. 456, *et al.*

** Il. viii. 173, *et al.*; Il. ii. 701; xvi. 807.

* Il. xiii. 685.

† Il. viii. 479.

mentioned in the singular. Again, though it is rare in Homer to give a patronymic from a remote ancestor, yet Priam, and he only of contemporary personages, is many times called Dardanides.* And, lastly, we learn from the mouth of Poseidon that Dardanos was more loved by Zeus than any other of his mortal children.†

It appears probable from the genealogical narration that there were inhabitants in Troas before Dardanos. The Poet does not say the country was desert, but that Dardanos founded Dardania when or because there was no city constituted in the plain, *i.e.*, combined and inclosed, having a regular character and a government;

ἐπεὶ ὄντο Τῆλος ἰθὺ
ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.‡

Nor can there, I think, be a doubt, from the tenacious vitality, as we have seen it, of the name, that under Dardanos, and after his date the whole of the inhabitants of the Troad which Homer usually calls Troiè, were known as Dardanians. Perhaps a conjecture might be hazarded that the name politically revived after the destruction of Troy, and subsisted at least until the site had been reoccupied from Thrace; but this is little material, as Egyptology appears to afford no evidence which can be brought down so low in point of date.

The succession of the family was as follows:—

1. Dardanos.
2. Erichthonios.
3. Tros; who is called Τρώεσσαν ἄναξ.
4. Ilos, Assarakos, and Ganumedes.
5. Laomedon, son of Ilos: Kapus, son of Assarakos.
6. Priam and others, sons of Laomedon. Anchises, son of Kapus.
6. Hector, son of Priam. Aineias, son of Anchises.
8. Astuanax, son of Hector. (Children of Aineias).§

With his usual care for historic details of real weight the Poet has here marked for us the period when the Trojan name emerged; namely, under Tros. The building of the City in the plain was without doubt due to his son Ilos. But the name derived from him to the capital did

not displace the name of Trōos, which, doubtless with that of Troiè for the country, either had already become, or was becoming, the proper designation of the inhabitants. And we may perhaps consider that the existence of his tomb as a landmark on the plain, the σῆμα Ἰλου,* contributes another piece of testimony to the great importance of this sovereign in the annals of the country.

Thus, then, it appears that the inhabitants of the north-west angle of Asia Minor, between Ida and the sea, were, for not less than two generations, that is to say for a period of about sixty years, known as Dardanians; and were afterwards known as Trojans.

Turning now to the Egyptian records, we find that, as they have been interpreted by French inquirers, they place the commencement of the Nineteenth Dynasty about 1462 B.C.; and the accession of Rameses the Second, the Sesostris of the Greeks (Sestesou-Raor Sesou-Ra in certain of his Egyptian names), somewhere near the year 1410 B.C. In the fourth year of his reign, or about 1406 B.C., the formidable people called Khita, of the Valley of the Orontes, the same in race with the Hittites of the Old Testament, organized a powerful confederacy against him, encouraged by the troubles which he had to meet, on his accession to the throne, from the southward. This combination, besides the Asiatic nations of Armenia and the Assyrian plain, embraced the peoples of Asia Minor: of whom are enumerated the Mysians, the Lycians, the Pisidians, and the Dardanians. It is not necessary to pursue the history of the prolonged struggle, which ended some fifteen years afterwards in an accommodation recognizing the independence of the Khita, and appearing to deal with them on terms of reciprocity. But we have now a clear chronological datum for Dardania, subject only to whatever questions may be raised on the chronology of the middle Egyptian dynasties. The year 1406,† approximately fixed, seems, then, to have been within the sixty years or thereabouts when the inhabitants of Troas were known only as Dardanians. That is to say, the settlement of Dardania was probably founded between 1466 and 1406 B.C. And the overthrow of Troy, on the

* Il. iii. 303, and in six other places.

† Il. xx. 304.

‡ Il. xx. 216.

§ Il. xx. 215-40.

* Il. x. 415; xi. 166, 372.

† F. Lenormant, Hist. Anc. de l'Orient, B. iii. ch. iii. sect. v. Chabas, Etuds sur l'Antiquité Historique, ch. iv. p. 185. De Rouge, Mémoire sur les attaques dirigées contre l'Egypte, p. 4.

same basis of computation, would probably fall between 1286 and 1226 B.C.

If, however, we are to read the Inscription as meaning that these Dardanians were Dardanians of Ilios, as appears to be held, by high authority,* a new and rather important element is introduced, and we at once reach the time of King Ilios. We must then suppose that the rivalry of the Dardan and Trojan names for territorial supremacy had lasted for one generation longer; and the combination against Rameses II. thus operates in a different manner on the date of the foundation of Dardania. For as Ilios was not founded until some ninety years after Dardanos, if the name of that city was known in 1406 B.C., the epoch of Dardanos is thrown back to 1496 B.C., at the lowest; and farther, according to the number of years for which we suppose Ilios to have been founded before 1406 B.C. Thus the epoch of the *Troica* is thrown back at least to about 1316 B.C. As the Dardanian name must, when Ilios was once founded, have been an expiring one, we need not make any considerable addition to this high number of years.

According, then, to this piece of evidence, the overthrow of Troy may have been as late as 1226 B.C., or as early as about 1316 B.C.

II. — THE ACHAIAN LINK.

Early in the present century, Damm observed in his "Lexicon Homericum," that the Achaian name, while it was a name of the Greeks in general, had a special sense also, denoting the *nobiles et principes Græcorum*.† Thucydides,‡ in his Prefatory Chapters, refers to the three great Homeric Appellatives — the Danaan, Argeian, and Achaian, — and perhaps intends, by the order in which he thus places them, to indicate the order of time in which their several origins ought to stand.

Endeavouring to ascertain the scope and significance of this name from the text of the Poems, I found abundant evidence to sustain the opinion of Damm that the Achaian name frequently leans towards designating the chiefs, and likewise the opinion, which Thucydides may have meant to indicate, that it is the youngest of the three designations. But I was also led on to two further proposi-

tions, which appear to me hardly deniable: —

1. That the Achaian name was the proper national name, for that epoch, of the people who captured Troy, and who were afterwards called by the Romans, and by the moderns, Greeks.

2. That the date, at which this name thus became the proper designation of the nation, is approximately shown by the Poems.

For the first of these I would appeal, not without confidence, to the simple and homely test of commonness of use. The Achaian name is used more than three times as often as the Argeian name, more than four times as often as the Danaan, almost exactly twice as often as both put together. In an age when prose and poetry exist as distinct kinds of composition, it would be unsafe to draw an inference from the predominant use in a poem of a name which might be peculiarly a poetical name; but it appears to me that* at a period when Poem and Chronicle were one, such a prevalence of use, as I have shown, of itself establishes the proposition. And it is confirmed by that leaning of the phrase to the ruling class — the kings, chiefs, and nobles — which might if needful be shown from a score and more of passages. Three of these, lying within a very short compass indeed, may be found in II. IX. 370, 391, 395.

Nor is it difficult to allow that, as the name does not point to a particular individual, or a particular mode of life or other speciality, political predominance was probably the cause which gave it this general currency. But then arises the question — can we show, from the Poems, that there had been a time when the Greeks had not yet come to be called Achaians?

Now this can be shown, both by negative and by positive evidence, from the text of the Poems; and it is necessary, in order to establish a connection with any given point of Egyptian chronology. For if the Achaian name had prevailed in the Greek Peninsula from an immemorial antiquity, the fact of its being used in the Egyptian records would furnish no bond of chronological relation with the War of Troy.† It is needful to establish the limit on both sides.

First, then, the Achaians, although

* See M. F. Lenormant, *Academy*, No. 98, p. 315; March 21, 1874.

† Damm in voc. 'Αχαιοί.

‡ Thuc. i. 3.

* This question is copiously, and I think in the main soundly argued in *Studies on Homer*, vol. i. pp. 402, seq.; also *Juventus Mundi*, pp. 60, seq.

† *Od. xix.* 175-7.

standing for the nation generally, were also still, at the time of the war, a special race in Greece. They are distinguished, among the inhabitants of Crete, from the Dorians, and from the Pelasgians. In the Catalogue, the Achaian name is especially given (1) to the inhabitants of Aigina and of Mases; (2) to the contingent of Achilles.* Again, in the Eleventh Book, Nestor relates a local war which took place in his youth, and in it he once calls the Pulians Achaians, but the men of Elis always Eleians and Epeians.† The use of the word Panachaioi in like manner proves that originally the Achaians were but a part of the whole which it had come to embrace, and that the local and special sense was not yet entirely absorbed.

Now, none of the above-named indications carry the Achaian name back beyond fifty or sixty years. The Legend of Nestor cannot date more than half a century back. The family of Achilles, whose subjects are connected with the special references in the Catalogue to the Achaian name, goes back only for two generations to Aiakos, his grandfather. When in the Nineteenth Iliad Heré is introduced, speaking of the time just before the birth of Eurustheus, she calls the inhabitants over whom he was to rule not Achaians, but Argeians.‡ This may be considered as about eighty years before the war. The legend of Bellero-phön would give to Proitos a date slightly more remote. But it is said that Proitos had the power to banish Bellero-phön, because he was paramount among the Argeians.§ When, however, we come down to the time of Tudeus, whose dominion was in Argolis and part of the country over which Proitos had reigned, then we find the force which Tudeus led against Thebes described (Iliad IV. 384 and V. 803) as Achaian, and thus distinguished from the inhabitants of Thebes, who are in both narratives called Kadmeioi and Kadmeiones.

I submit, therefore, that, according to the testimony, afforded by the text of Homer with a perfect self-consistency, the Achaian name had come to be the prevailing or national designation of the Greeks at the period of the War, but that it could not have been used to designate the inhabitants of Greece at any period more than fifty or sixty years

before the War. Indeed the evidence warrants the belief that it had still more recently come into vogue as the national name, and perhaps that it was the War itself that fully established and confirmed it in that sense.

But now arises another question, which the Poems cannot answer for us — How long after their date did the Achaian name continue to hold the same position? The blankness and vagueness of Greek tradition in general, between the time of the Poet and the historic epoch, preclude any exact reply. But we know enough to warrant the assertion that Greece was greatly disorganized by the incidents of its victorious war with Troy; that the Pelopid dynasty was wounded in the person and family of its head; that a great Dorian invasion, within no long period after the war, altered the face of the country, and limited the range of the Achaian name to a narrow strip of coast. And it may also be said that the Achaian name, as a national name, has no place in the literature of Greece subsequent to Homer. It is used once only by Hesiod,* and that in a retrospective passage which refers to the Troic expedition assembled at Aulis. The Hellenic name in fact takes the place of the Achaian. It revives, indeed, with the tragedians to some extent, but of course only as contemporary with certain persons and events of their dramas.

If then I have succeeded in fixing, with reasonable though not absolute certainty, the rise of the Achaian name as an event which happened within about half a century before the War of Troy, it may upon grounds more general but perhaps not less trustworthy, be alleged that its decline rapidly followed upon the War: that it could not have been known as the national name of the Greeks after the Dorian invasion, which is affirmed by Thucydides,† and is generally taken to have occurred at a period of 80 years after the fall of Troy; and that it is quite possible that even before that event it may have been superseded by the name of Hellenes, which was evidently coming into use at the Epoch of the Poems, and which appears to have obtained such currency before the great revolution effected by the Heraclids, that the Dorian appellation never supplanted or made head against it.

In other words, the Achaian name ap-

* Il. ii. 562; 684.

† Il. xi. 759.

‡ Il. xix. 122.

§ Il. vi. 152.

* Hesiod, *Ep̄a*, 269.

† Thucyd. i. 12. Clinton, *Fasti Hellenici*, i. 106, *seqq.*

pears to have had a currency which cannot have exceeded 140 years, and which very possibly fell below 100 years, down to the period when it was driven into an insignificant corner of the Peloponnesos, or at any rate entirely lost its national character.

It must be added that, as far as the evidence goes, it came suddenly or rapidly to its supremacy. We cannot find that it rested as a local name like the Graian or the Dorian names, in particular places, for a length of time before it grew to be national. All the uses of it by Homer for periods anterior to the war are almost certainly local, because Achæians are distinguished from Cadmeians, and again from Epeians. The probable supposition is that the great national effort of the War itself lifted it into clear and full predominance; and that we ought to place the commencement of its reign near that epoch, but its first emerging at a time earlier by two generations.

If now we turn to the records of Egyptology,* we find that at some point of time within the limits of that term, a nation bearing the Achæian name, and coming from the northward, was placed in sharp collision with that Empire, by taking part in an invasion of the country.

Under Thothmes III., whose reign is computed to have extended over the first half of the 16th century B.C. (or 1600-1550), the power of the great Egyptian Empire reached its climax. He first established a maritime supremacy northwards, by means of a fleet in the Mediterranean. In all likelihood this is the change which had come down by report (*ἀκούσας*) to Thucydides† as the act of Minos. But even that report, vague as it was, embodied this essential element, that he constituted also a dominion on land by placing his own sons as governors in the places he conquered, which, if we construe with the Scholiast, embraced most of the population of Greece. These sons were without doubt so-called as being the officers and representatives of the Empire thus established. In my opinion they were probably those, in whole or in part, of whom we hear in the Poems as the Aiolidai or descendants of Aiolos; for Aiolos is a characteristic and probably a typical name closely connected with the East, and with those through whom the East became known to Greece—namely, the actual agents, almost cer-

tainly Phœnician, by whom this maritime supremacy was made effective. From an inscription at Karnak, where Ammon, the supreme god of Thebes, is supposed to speak, I quote a few words:—

“I came, I suffered thee to smite the inhabitants of the isles; those who dwell in the midst of the sea are reached by thy roaring. . . . The isles of Greece are in thy power.* I permitted thee to smite the farthest bounds of the sea.”

The inscription then records that the Southern Isles of the Archipelago were subdued, together with a great extent of the Coasts of Greece.

So, then, we learn that the inhabitants of the Greek Peninsula and Isles had once been subject to this great Empire at the zenith of its power, under the Eighteenth Dynasty. We need, therefore, feel no surprise if in the days of its decline we find them like Hittites, Libyans, and others, endeavouring to avenge themselves for the past, or to seek wealth for the present or security for the future, by assailing it.

Under the Nineteenth Dynasty, the maritime supremacy of Egypt had passed away. We hear of Seti, the father of Rameses II., that he reconstituted the Egyptian fleet of the Red Sea, but there is no similar statement as to the northern waters.† Rameses II., as we have seen, had had to encounter a formidable combination in the northern and north-western quarters of Asia. Under his son Merepthah, a new danger arose from a new quarter. Libya appears now to have been possessed, at least in part, by an Aryan or Japhetic population. This people entered with others into a new and powerful coalition against Merepthah. I take the account of it as it is to be found in the works of Viscomte de Rougé, M. F. Lenormant, and M. Chabas;‡ and though I speak in ignorance of the art of Egyptian interpretation, I understand through Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and from the agreement of these authors, that there is no difference as to the reading of the monumental inscription at Karnak in the more important particulars.

* “Au pouvoir de tes esprits.” I translate the French of M. de Rougé. See Lenormant, i. 386.

† Lenormant, Manuel d'Hist. i. 402.

‡ F. Lenormant in *The Academy* of March 28, 1874. Also his *Manuel de l'Histoire*, vol. i. p. 429, and *Premières Civilisations*, vol. i. p. 429; De Rougé, *Extraits d'un mémoire sur les attaques dirigées contre l'Égypte par les peuples de la Méditerranée vers le xivème Siècle avant notre ère*, p. 6 *segg.* P. Smith, *Anc. Hist. of the East*, p. 105. Chabas, *Études sur Antiquité Historique*, pp. 187-98.

* F. Lenormant, *Hist. Ancienne de l'Orient*, B. iii. chap. iii. sec. 2.

† Thuc. i. 4.

Some four years ago, Professor Rawlinson in this *Review** stated his objections to parts of the interpretation of this Inscription, and declined to accept its authority as a whole. He observed justly, that Achaians and Laconians had no intercourse, even in the time of Homer, with Sikels and Sardinians, and knew nothing of any foreign ships in Greek waters except those of the Phœnicians. It is not necessary for my purpose to determine anything with respect to the races farther west, as to their local seats at the time, or otherwise. There is no improbability or difficulty in the main tenour of the inscription, which shows that the invasion was principally continental, or in that portion of it which points out Achaians, and perhaps other Greeks, as forming an auxiliary force.

It appears, then, that in the reign of Merephthah, together with the Lebu or Libyans, were in arms the Shardana or Sardones (whether yet planted in Sardinia or not is little material) and some other tribes called Mashuash (the Maxyes),† and Kahuka. There were also the Achaiusha or Achaians, and with them were the Leku or Laconians (or, less probably, Peloponnesian Lukians or Lycians). There were likewise the Turska, who are interpreted to be Tyrrhenians; and the Shekulsha of Siculi. According to M. de Rougé's reading,‡ the Tyrrhenians took the initiative; and brought moreover their families, with an evident view to settlement in the country. But this is contested by M. Chabas,§ apparently with reason. At any rate it appears incontestable, from the comparative smallness of their losses in action, that that they were in small numbers. The invasion was by the North-Western frontier. It produced the utmost alarm in Egypt; according to the monuments, the sufferings inflicted were such as had not been known since the evil times of the Shepherd Kings: "The days and the months pass, and they abide on the ground." They went beyond Memphis, and reached the town of Paari, or Paarisheps, in middle Egypt. Here they were defeated in a great and decisive battle, which lasted for six hours. Nearly fifteen thousand were slain of the Libyans, Maxyes, and Kahuka; about 1000 Tyrrhenians and Sikels: the losses of the

Sardones, and of the Achaians and Laconians, are not known, as that portion of the record is destroyed. The hands of the Achaiian dead and those of the other non-African tribes, and another portion of the bodies of the Libyans and Maxyes, were brought back, either as trophies or by way of account.* There were 9376 prisoners. The remainder of the invading army fled the country, and the Libyans treated for peace. But a portion of those who had in a manner planted themselves in the Delta, principally Mashuash or Maxyes, were confirmed in the possession of their lands, and became Egyptian subjects.

This invasion took place near the commencement of the reign of Merephthah.† His accession is placed by the French authorities at about A.D. 1350, and we may perhaps roughly assume 1345 B.C. as the date. Therefore the year 1345 B.C. may be taken as falling within the term which, as we have seen, may reasonably be stated at about or under 100 years of the historic life of the Achaiian name for the Greek nation.

That term, then, can hardly have begun earlier than 1345 B.C., and cannot have ended later than 1245 B.C.

But the period of (say) 100 years subdivides itself, as we have seen, into what may be taken as two moieties; the first when it was a gentile or local name, the second when it was national. To which of these significations does the use of the name under Merephthah probably belong? I answer, without hesitation, to the earlier; because the Greeks who take part in it are described as Achaians and Laconians. If, instead of Laconians, we were to read Lukians, viz., those connected with the Lucaonian tradition of the Peloponnesos, it would not affect the argument, which is that the Achaiian name evidently does not cover the whole Peninsula,† or even the whole Peloponnesos: the Laconians, according to the Karnak monument, being Peloponnesians, were not then Achaians.

Returning to the figures under this narrower specification, the Invasion we speak of was probably at a date within some fifty or sixty years before the War of Troy. If so, we should have 1345 B.C. for the higher limit of the war (which could not have coincided with the invasion), and 1285 B.C. for the latest.

* *Contemporary Review*, April, 1870.

† Herodotus, iv. 191.

‡ De Rougé, p. 209.

§ Chabas, *Etudes sur l'Antiquité Historique*, pp. 198-200.

* De Rougé, p. 6.

† M. de Rougé also states, that according to the Inscription these Achaians did not include the Inhabitants of the Isles, and thinks they were confined to the Peloponnesos. — De Rougé, *Extraits, &c.*, p. 28.

Carried thus far, the statement and argument may rest on their own ground. But it is a notable fact, that the Egyptian records, which supply evidence of the prevalence of the Achaian name under Merephthah, at a later date also supply evidence that it had ceased to prevail. To that evidence we will now proceed.

Rameses III. belongs to the Twentieth Dynasty, and is reckoned as the last among the sovereigns of the ancient Egyptian monarchy who was distinguished by personal greatness. His function was, like that of several preceding monarchs, not to enlarge but to defend the Empire. His accession is fixed, through a date astronomically calculated by M. Biot, to the year 1311 B.C., and from this time onwards we are assured that the Egyptian chronology attains almost to an absolute trustworthiness.*

In his fifth year, or 1306 B.C., the White (or Aryan) Libyans again invaded Egypt. A simultaneous but independent attack was made from the North and East. The Maxyes of the Delta revolted.† From beyond the continent the leading nations of the enemy were "the Pelesta of the Mid Sea" and the Tekkri, interpreted as meaning the Pelasgians of Crete, and the Teucrians; who, again, are assumed to have succeeded the Trojans in Troas. These Pelestras ‡ M. Lenormant understands to be the ancestors of the Philistines, a question beside my purpose. They entered Syria by land. Their ships, with those of the Tekkra and Shekulsha, assailed the coast, while the Daanau, the Tursha, and the Uashasha, supplied land forces only. Rameses III., having defeated the land invasion, also mastered his naval enemies by means of a Phœnician fleet.

It seems difficult to dispute that these Pelesta "of the mid sea" were probably Cretan; or that the Daanau represent the same people who in the war of Merephthah appear as Achaïans. The point material in the present inquiry is that if the Danaau are Greeks of the mainland, that is to say, Danaoi, or Danaans, the Achaian name had now, forty years after the War of Merephthah, so far lost its currency that it no longer represented the nation to the foreign ear.

We may, however, stay for a moment to inquire whether these Daanau were

really Greeks of the mainland. There is an objection to the supposition on more than one ground. First, I have argued, in conformity with Greek tradition, and with what seems to me the clear indication of the Homeric text, that the Daanau name was certainly older, not younger, than the Achaian.* Secondly, the Achaian, and the later Greeks were alike, and increasingly with time, a maritime people. Again the account (from the Harris *papyrus* of the British Museum) represents the Tekkra and Pelesta as supplying the aggressive fleet; but both Trojans and Pelasgians are in Homer wholly without any sign of maritime habits; a remarkable fact in the case of the Trojans, because they inhabited a country with a long line of sea-coast. But when we consider that the Egyptians carried on the maritime war through the Phœnicians, it seems that we can hardly rely upon as much accuracy of detail as in the records of a land warfare conducted by themselves. On the other hand, if the Achaian name had gone out of use, and no other was yet fully established, the Danaan name was a most natural one for Phœnicians to give to Greeks. For, as I have endeavoured to show,† there is every reason to believe that the Danaan immigration into Greece came from Phœnicia, or from Egypt through Phœnicia; and it was an immigration into Peloponnesos. If, as has long been popularly assumed, it was from Egypt, the ascription of the name to the nation by the Egyptians is natural, even if it had gone out of use in the Peloponnesos itself.

The Achaïans, then, of Merephthah's reign probably are the Danaans of the reign of Rameses III. But the Achaian power predominated in the Peloponnesos till the return of the Heraclids. Reasoning from this fact alone, we might be inclined to argue that the Danaan name could not probably have been employed until about eighty years after the fall of Troy, and that event must have occurred as far back as 1387 B.C. But the disorganization of the Peloponnesos caused by the Trojan War probably caused the title of Achaïans to descend from its zenith as rapidly as it had risen. If from this cause the Achaian name had lost its lustre, and if the Danaan designation had also been, as is probable, that by which the Greeks were known in Phœnicia and Egypt before the Achaian period,

* F. Lenormant, *Premières Civilisations*, vol. i. pp. 221-3. *Hist. Ancienne*, vol. i. pp. 443, 4.

† Chabas, p. 227.

‡ F. Lenormant, in *The Academy* of March 22, 1874.

* "Studies on Homer," vol. i. and *Juv. Mundi*, pp. 42-4.

† *Juv. Mundi*, p. 137.

there seems to be no reason why at ten or twenty years after the war the Danaan title might not again become, for those countries, the proper descriptive title. What appears quite inadmissible is the idea that the period of Achaianism, so to call it, could have come after the time of Rameses III., when the Greeks were called Danaans; for in that case there would have been not one but two Achaian periods before the Olympiads. On the whole, the presumptions from this part of the Egyptian evidence would place the capture of Troy some time before 1306 B.C., and possibly even before the middle of the fourteenth century B.C. 1874.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT Coombe Lorraine these things had been known and entered into some time ago. For Sir Roland had not left his son so wholly uncared for in a foreign land as Hilary in his sore heart believed. In his regiment there was a certain old major, lame, and addicted to violent language, but dry and sensible according to his lights, and truthful, and upright, and quarrelsome. Burning to be first, as he always did in every desperate conflict, Major Clumps saw the young fellows get in front of him, and his temper exploded always. "Come back, come back, you—" condemned offspring of canine lineage, he used to shout; "let an honest man have a fair start with you! Because my feet are—there you go again; no consideration, any of you!"

This Major Clumps was admirably "connected," being the nephew of Lord de Lampnor, the husband of Lady Valeria's friend. So that by this means it was brought round that Hilary's doings should be reported. And Lady Valeria had received a letter in which her grandson's exploits at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo were so recounted that Alice wept, and the ancient lady smiled with pride; and even Sir Roland said, "Well, after all, that boy can do something."

The following afternoon the master of Coombe Lorraine was sent for, to have a long talk with his mother about matters of dry business. Now Sir Roland particularly hated business; his income was

enough for all his wants; his ambition (if ever he had any) was a vague and vaporous element; he left to his lawyers all matters of law; and even the management of his land, but for his mother's strong opposition, he would gladly have left to a steward or agent, although the extent of his property scarcely justified such an appointment. So he entered his mother's room that day with a languid step and reluctant air.

The lady paid very little heed to that. Perhaps she even enjoyed it a little. Holding that every man is bound to attend to his own affairs, she had little patience and no sympathy with such philosophic indifference. On the other hand, Sir Roland could not deny himself a little quiet smile, when he saw his mother's great preparations to bring him both to book and deed.

Lady Valeria Lorraine was sitting as upright as she had sat throughout her life, and would sit, until she lay down forever. On the table before her were several thick and portentously dirty documents, arranged and docketed by her own sagacious hand; and beyond these, and opened at pages for reference, lay certain old law-books of a most deterrent guise and attitude. Sheppard's "Touchstone" (before Preston's time), Littleton's "Tenures," Viner's "Abridgment," Coymyn's "Digest," Glanville, Plowden, and other great authors, were here prepared to cause delicious confusion in the keenest feminine intellect; and Lady Valeria was quite sure now that they all contradicted one another.

After the formal salutation, which she always insisted upon, the venerable lady began to fuss about a little, and pretend to be at a loss with things. She was always dressed as if she expected a visit from the royal family; and it was as good as a lecture for any slovenly young girls to see how cleverly she avoided soil of dirty book or dirtier parchment, upon her white cuffs or Flemish lace. Even her delicate pointed fingers, shrunken as they were with age, had a knack of flitting over grime, without attracting it.

"I daresay you are surprised," she said, with her usual soft and courteous smile, "at seeing me employed like this, and turning lawyer in my old age."

Sir Roland said something complimentary, knowing that it was expected of him. The ancient lady had always taught him—however erroneous the doctrine—that no man who is at a loss for the proper compliment to a lady deserves to be

thought a gentleman. She always had treated her son as a gentleman, dearer to her than other gentlemen; but still to be regarded in that light mainly. And he, perhaps by inheritance, had been led to behave to his own son thus—a line of behaviour warmly resented by the impetuous Hilary.

"Now I beg you to attend—you must try to attend," continued Lady Valeria: "rouse yourself up, if you please, dear Roland. This is not a question of astrologers, or any queer thing of that sort, but a common-sense matter, and, I might say, a difficult point of law, perhaps."

"That being so," Sir Roland answered, with a smile of bright relief, "our course becomes very simple. We have nothing that we need trouble ourselves to be puzzled with uncomfortably. Messrs. Crookson, Hack, & Clinker—they know how to keep in arrear, and to charge."

"It is your own fault, my dear Roland, if they overcharge you. Everybody will do so, when they know that you mean to put up with it. Your dear father was under my guidance much more than you have ever been, and he never let people overcharge him—more than he could help, I mean."

"I quite perceive the distinction, mother. You have put it very clearly. But how does that bear upon the matter you have now to speak of?"

"In a great many ways. This account of Hilary's desperate behaviour, as I must call it upon sound reflection, leads me to consider the great probability of something happening to him. There are many battles yet to be fought, and some of them may be worse than this. You remember what Mr. Malabide said when your dear father would insist upon that resettlement of the entire property in the year 1799."

Sir Roland knew quite well that it was not his dear father at all, but his mother, who had insisted upon that very stringent and ill-advised proceeding, in which he himself had joined reluctantly, and only by dint of her persistence. However, he did not remind her of this.

"To be sure," he replied, "I remember it clearly; and I have his very words somewhere. He declined to draw it in accordance with the instructions of our solicitors, until his own opinion upon it had been laid before the family—a most unusual course, he said, for counsel in chambers to adopt, but having some knowledge of the parties concerned, he

hoped they would pardon his interference. And then his words were to this effect—'The operation of such a settlement may be most injurious. The parties will be tying their own hands most completely, without—so far as I can perceive—any adequate reason for doing so. Supposing, for instance, there should be occasion for raising money upon these estates during the joint lives of the grandson and granddaughter, and before the granddaughter is of age, there will be no means of doing it. The limitation to her, which is a most unusual one in such cases, will preclude the possibility of representing the fee-simple. The young lady is now just five years old, and if this extraordinary settlement is made, no marketable title can be deduced for the next sixteen years, except, of course, in the case of her decease.' And many other objections he made, all of which, however, were overruled; and after that protest he prepared the settlement."

"The matter was hurried through your father's state of health; for at that very time he was on his death-bed. But no harm whatever has come of it, which shows that we were right, and Mr. Malabide quite wrong. But I have been looking to see what would happen, in case poor Hilary—ah, it was his own fault that all these restrictions were introduced. Although he was scarcely twelve years old, he had shown himself so thoroughly volatile, so very easy to lead away, and, as it used to be called by vulgar people, so 'happy-go-lucky,' that your dear father wished, while he had the power, to disable him from lessening any further our lessened estates. And but for that settlement, where might we be?"

"You know, my dear mother, that I never liked that exceedingly complicated and most mistrustful settlement. And if I had not been so sick of all business, after the loss of my dear wife, even your powers of persuasion would have failed to make me execute it. At any rate, it has had one good effect. It has robbed poor Hilary to a great extent of the charms that he must have possessed for the Jews."

"How can they discover such things? With a firm of trusty and most respectable lawyers—to me it is quite wonderful."

"How many things are wondrous, and nothing more wondrous than man himself—except, of course, a Jew. They do find out; and they never let us find out how they managed it. But do let me

ask you, my dear mother, what particular turn of thought has compelled you to be so learned?"

"You mean these books? Well, let me think. I quite forget what it was that I wanted. It is useless to flatter me, Roland, now. My memory is not as it was, nor my sight, nor any other gift. However, I ought to be very thankful; and I often try to be so."

"Take a little time to think," Sir Roland said, in his most gentle tone; "and then, if it does not occur to you, we can talk of it some other time."

"Oh, now I remember! They told me something about the poor boy being smitten with some girl of inferior station. Of course, even he would have a little more sense than ever to dream of marrying her. But young men, although they mean nothing, are apt to say things that cost money. And above all others, Hilary may have given some grounds for damages—he is so inconsiderate! now if that should be so, and they give a large verdict, as a low-born jury always does against a well-born gentleman, several delicate points arise. In the first place, has he any legal right to fall in love under this settlement? And if not, how can any judgment take effect on his interest? And again, if he should fall in battle, would that stay proceedings? And if all these points should be settled against us, have we any power to raise the money? For I know that you have no money, Roland, except what you receive from land; as under my advice every farthing of accumulation has been laid out in buying back, field by field, portions of our lost property."

"Yes, my dear mother; and worse than that; every field so purchased has been declared or assured—or whatever they call it—to follow the trusts of this settlement, so that I verily believe if I wanted £5000 for any urgent family purposes, I must raise it—if at all—upon mere personal security. But surely, dear mother, you cannot find fault with the very efficient manner in which your own desires have been carried out."

"Well, my son, I have acted for the best, and according to your dear father's plans. When I married your father," the old lady continued, with a soft quiet pride, which was quite her own, "it was believed, in the very best quarters, that the Duchess Dowager of Chalcorhin, of whom perhaps you may have heard me speak——"

"Truly yes, mother, every other day."

"And, my dear son, I have a right to do so of my own god-mother, and great-aunt. The sneering spirit of the present day cannot rob us of all our advantages. However, your father (as was right and natural on his part) felt a conviction—as those low Methodists are always saying of themselves—that there would be a hundred thousand pounds, to help him in what he was thinking of. But her Grace was vexed at my marriage; and so, as you know, my dear Roland, I brought the Lorraines nothing."

"Yes, my dear mother, you brought yourself, and your clear mind, and clever management."

"Will you always think that of me, Roland, dear? Whatever happens, when I am gone, will you always believe that I did my best?"

Sir Roland was surprised at his mother's very unusual state of mind. And he saw how her delicate face was softened from its calm composure. And the like emotion moved himself; for he was a man of strong feeling, though he deigned so rarely to let it out, and froze it so often with fatalism.

"My dearest mother," he answered, bowing his silver hair over her snowy locks, "surely you know me well enough to make such a question needless. A more active and devoted mind never worked for one especial purpose—the welfare of those for whose sake you have abandoned show and grandeur. Ay, mother, and with as much success as our hereditary faults allowed. Since your labours began, we must have picked up fifty acres."

"Is that all you know of it, Roland?" asked Lady Valeria, with a short sigh; "all my efforts will be thrown away, I greatly fear, when I am gone. One hundred and fifty-six acres and a half have been brought back into the Lorraine rent-roll, without even counting the hedgerows. And now there are two things to be done, to carry on this great work well. That interloper, Sir Remnant Chapman, a man of comparatively modern race, holds more than two thousand acres of the best and oldest Lorraine land. He wishes young Alice to marry his son, and proposes a very handsome settlement. Why, Roland, you told me all about it—though not quite so soon as you should have done."

"I do not perceive that I neglected my duty. If I did so, surprise must have 'knocked me out of time,' as our good Struan expresses it."

"Mr. Hales! Mr. Hales, the clergyman! I cannot imagine what he could mean. But it must have been something low, of course; either badger-baiting, or prize-fighting—though people of really good position have a right to like such things. But now we must let that poor stupid Sir Remnant, who cannot even turn a compliment, have his own way about silly Alice, for the sake of more important things."

"My dear mother, you sometimes try me. What can be more important than Alice? And to what overpowering influence is she to be sacrificed?"

"It is useless to talk like that, Sir Roland. She must do her best, like everybody else who is not of ignoble family. The girl has plenty of pride, and will be the first to perceive the necessity. 'Twill not be so much for the sake of the settlement, for that of course will go with her; but we must make it a stipulation, and have it set down under hand and seal, that Sir Remnant, and after his time his son, shall sell to us, at a valuation, any pieces of our own land which we may be able to repurchase. Now, Roland, you never would have thought of that. It is a most admirable plan, is it not?"

"It is worthy of your ingenuity, mother. But will Sir Remnant agree to it? He is fond of his acres, like all landowners."

"One acre is as good as another to a man of modern lineage. Some of that land passed from us at the time of the great confiscation, and some was sold by that reckless man, the last Sir Hilary but one. The Chapmans have held very little of it for even so much as two centuries; how then can they be attached to it? No, no. You must make that condition, Roland, the first and the most essential point. As for the settlement, that is nothing; though of course you will also insist upon it. For a girl of Alice's birth and appearance, we could easily get a larger settlement and a much higher position, by sending her to London for one season, under Lady de Lampnor. But how would that help us towards getting back the land?"

"You look so learned," said Sir Roland, smiling, "with all those books which you seem to have mastered, that surely we may employ you to draw the deed for signature by Sir Remnant."

"I have little doubt that I could do it," replied the ancient lady, who took everything as in earnest; "but I am not so

strong as I was, and therefore I wish you to push things forward. I have given up, as you know, my proper attention to many little matters (which go on very badly without me) simply that all my small abilities might be devoted to this great purpose. I hope to have still a few years left—but two things I must see accomplished before I can leave this world in peace. Alice must marry Captain Chapman, upon the conditions which I have expressed, and Hilary must marry a fortune, with special clauses enabling him to invest it in land upon proper trusts. The boy is handsome enough for anything; and his fame for courage, and his martial bearing, and above all his regimentals, will make him irresistible. But he must not stay at the wars too long. It is too great a risk to run."

"Well, my dear mother, I must confess that your scheme is a very fine one. Supposing, I mean, that the object is worth it; of which I am by no means sure. I have not made it the purpose of my life to recover the Lorraine estates; I have not toiled and schemed for that end; although," he added with dry irony, which quite escaped his mother's sense, "it is of course a far less exertion to sell one's children, with that view. But there are several hitches in your little plan—for instance, Alice hates Captain Chapman, and Hilary loves a girl without a penny—though the Grower must have had good markets lately, according to the price of vegetables." "Clever as Sir Roland was, he made the mistake of the outer world: there are no such things as "good markets."

"Alice is a mere child," replied her grandmother, smiling placidly; "she cannot have the smallest idea yet, as to what she likes, or dislikes. The captain is much better bred than his father; and he can drive four-in-hand. I wonder that she has shown such presumption, as either to like or dislike him. It is your fault, Roland. Perpetual indulgence sets children up to such dreadful things; of which they must be broken painfully, having been encouraged so."

"My dear mother," Sir Roland answered, keeping his own opinions to himself; "you clearly know how to manage young girls, a great deal better than I do. Will you talk to Alice (in your own convincing and most eloquent manner) if I send her up to you?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Lady Valeria, having long expected this: "you may safely leave her to me, I be-

lieve. Chits of girls must be taught their place. But I mean to be very quiet with her. Let me see her to-morrow, Roland; I am tired now, and could not manage her, without more talking than I am fit for. Therefore I will say 'good-evening.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALICE had "plenty of spirit of her own," which of course she called "sense of dignity;" but in spite of it all, she was most unwilling to encounter her valiant grandmother. And she knew that this encounter was announced, the moment she was sent for.

"Is my hair right? Are my bows right? Has the old dog left any paw-marks on me?" she asked herself; but would rather have died—as in her quick way she said to herself—than have confessed her fright by asking any of the maids to tell her. Betwixt herself and her grandmother, there was little love lost, and still less kept; for each looked down upon the other, from heights of pure affection. "A flighty, romantic, unfledged girl, with no deference towards her superiors"—"A cold-blooded, crafty, plotting old woman, without a bit of faith in any one;"—thus would each have seen the other's image, if she had clearly inspected her own mind, and faced its impressions honestly.

The elder lady, having cares of her own, contrived, for the most part, to do very well without seeing much of her grandchild; who on the other hand was quite resigned to the affliction of this absence. But Alice could never perceive the justice of the reproaches wherewith she was met whenever she came, for not having come more often where she was not wanted.

Now with all her courage ready, and not a sign in eye, face, or bearing, of the disquietude all the while fluttering in the shadow of her heart, the young lady looked at the ancient lady respectfully, and saluted her. Two fairer types of youth and age, of innocence and experience, of maiden grace and matron dignity, scarcely need be sought for; and the resemblance of their features heightened the contrast of age and character. A sculptor might have been pleased to reckon the points of beauty inherited by the maiden from the matron—the slim round neck, the graceful carriage of the well-shaped head, the elliptic arch of brow, the broad yet softly moulded fore-

head, as well as the straight nose, and delicate chin—a strong resemblance of details, but in the expression of the whole an even stronger difference. For Alice, besides the bright play of youth and all its glistening carelessness, was gifted with a kinder and larger nature than her grandmother. And as a kind, large-fruited tree, to all who understand it, shows—even by its bark and foliage and the expression of its growth—the vigour of the virtue in it, and liberality of its juice; so a fine sweet human nature breathes and shines in the outer aspects, brightens the glance, and enriches the smile, and makes the whole creature charming.

But Alice, though blest with this very nice manner of contemplating humanity, was quite unable to bring it to bear upon the countenance of her grandmother. We all know how the very best benevolence perpetually is pulled up short; and even the turn of a word, or a look, or a breath of air with a smell in it, scatters fine ideas into corners out of harmony.

"You may take a chair, my dear, if you please;" said Lady Valeria, graciously; "you seem to be rather pale to-day. I hope you have not taken anything likely to disagree with you." "If you have, there is still a little drop left of my famous ginger-cordial. You make a face! That is not becoming. You must get over those childish tricks. You are—let me see, how old are you?"

"Seventeen years and a half, madam; about last Wednesday fortnight."

"It is always good to be accurate, Alice. 'About' is a very loose word indeed. It may have been either that day or another."

"It must have been either that day, or some other," said Alice, gravely curtsying.

"You inherit this catchword style from your father. I pass it over, as you are so young. But the sooner you leave it off, the better. There are many things now that you must leave off. For instance, you must not pretend to be witty. It is not in our family."

"I did not suppose that it was, grandmother."

"There used to be some wit, when I was young; but none of it has descended. There is nothing more fatal to a young girl's prospects than a sad ambition for jesting. And it is concerning your prospects now, that I wish to advise you kindly. I hear from your father a very sad thing—that you receive

with ingratitude the plans which we have formed for you."

"My father has not told me of any plans at all about me."

"He may not have told you; but you know them well. Consulting your own welfare and the interest of the family, we have resolved that you should at once receive the addresses of Captain Chapman."

"You cannot be so cruel, I am sure. Or if you are, my father cannot. I would sooner die than so degrade myself."

"Young girls always talk like that, when their fancy does not happen to be caught. When, however, that is the case, they care not how they degrade themselves. This throws upon their elders the duty of judging and deciding for them, as to what will conduce to their happiness."

"To hear Captain Chapman's name alone conduces to my misery."

"I beg you, Alice, to explain what you mean. Your expressions are strong; and I am not sure that they are altogether respectful."

"I mean them to be quite respectful, grandmother; and I do not mean them to be too strong. Indeed I should despair of making them so."

"You are very provoking. Will you kindly state your objections to Captain Chapman?"

Alice for the first time dropped her eyes under the old lady's steadfast gaze. She felt that her intuition was right, but she could not put it into words.

"Is it his appearance, may I ask? Is he too short for your ideal? Are his eyes too small, and his hair too thin? Does he slouch in walking, and turn his toes in? Is it any trumpery of that sort?" asked Lady Valeria, though in her heart such things were not scored as trumpery.

"Were such things trumpery, when you were young?" her grandchild longed to ask, but duty and good training checked her.

"His appearance is bad enough;" she replied, "but I do not attach much importance to that." "As if I believed it!" thought Lady Valeria.

"Then what is it that proves fatal to him, in your sagacious judgment?"

"I beg you as a favour, not to ask me, madam. I cannot—I cannot explain to you."

"Nonsense, child," said the old lady, smiling; "you would not be so absurd if you had only seen a little good society.

If you are so bashful, you may look away; but at any rate you must tell me."

"Then it is this," the maiden answered, with her grey eyes full on her grandmother's face, and a rich blush adding to their lustre; "Captain Chapman is not what I call a good man."

"In what way? How? What have you heard against him? If he is not perfect, you can make him so."

"Never, never! He is a very bad man. He despises all women; and he—he looks—he stares quite insolently—even at me!"

"Well, this is a little too good, I declare!" exclaimed her grandmother, with as loud a laugh as good breeding ever indulges in—"My dear child, you must go to London; you must be presented at Court; you must learn a little of the ways of the world; and see the first gentleman in Europe. How his Royal Highness will laugh, to be sure! I shall send him the story through Lady de Lampnor, that a young lady hates and abhors her intended, because he even ventures to look at her!"

"You cannot understand me, madam. And I will not pretend to argue with you."

"I should hope not, indeed. If we spread this story at the beginning of the season, and have you presented while it is fresh, we may save you, even yet, from your monster perhaps. There will be such eagerness to behold you, simply because you must not be looked at, that everybody will be at your feet, all closing their eyes for your sake, I should hope."

Alice was a very sweet-tempered girl; but all the contempt, with which in her heart she unconsciously regarded her grandmother, was scarcely enough to keep her from flashing forth at this common raillery. Large tears of pride and injured delicacy formed in her eyes, but she held them in; only asking with a curtsy, "May I go now, if you please?"

"To be sure, you may go. You have done quite enough. You have made me laugh, so that I want my tea. Only remember one serious thing—the interest of the family requires that you should soon learn to be looked at. You must begin to take lessons at once. Within six months you must be engaged, and within twelve months you must be married to Captain Stephen Chapman."

"I trow not," said Alice to herself, as with another curtsy, and a shudder, she retreated.

But she had not long been sitting by

herself, and feeling the bitterness of defeat, before she determined, with womanly wit, to have a triumph somewhere; so she ran at once to her father's room; and he of course was at home to her.

"If you please, dear papa, you must shut your books, and you must come into this great chair, and you must not shut even one of your eyes, but listen in the most respectful manner to all I have to say to you."

"Well, my dear," Sir Roland answered; "what must be must. You are a thorough tyrant. The days are certainly getting longer; but they scarcely seem to be long enough for you to torment your father."

"No candles, papa, if you please, as yet. What I have to say can be said in the dark, and that will enable you to look at me, papa, which otherwise you could scarcely do. Is it true that you are plotting to marry me to that odious Captain Chapman?"

Sir Roland began to think what to say; for his better nature often told him to wash his hands of this loathsome scheme.

"Are you so tired of me already," said the quick girl, with sound of tears in her voice; "have I behaved so very badly, and shown so little love for you, that you want to kill me so very soon, father?"

"Alice, come, Alice, you know how I love you; and that all that I care for is for your own good."

"And are we so utterly different, papa, in our tastes, and perceptions, and principles, that you can ever dream that it is good for me to marry Mr. Chapman?"

"Well, my dear, he is a very nice man, quiet, and gentle, and kind to every one, and most attentive to his father. He could place you in a very good position, Alice; and you would still be near me. Also there are other reasons making it desirable."

"What other reasons, papa, may I know? Something about land, I suppose. Land is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You desperate little radical! Well, I will confess that land has a good deal to do with it."

"Papa, am I worth twenty acres to you? Tell the truth now, am I?"

"My darling, you are so very foolish. How can you ask such a question?"

"Well, then, am I worth fifty? Come now, am I worth as much as fifty? Don't be afraid now, and say that I am, if you really feel that I am not."

"How many fifties — would you like to know? Come to me, and I will tell you."

"No, not yet, papa. There is no kiss for you, unless you say I am worth a thousand!"

"You little coquette! You keep all your coquetties for your own old father, I do believe."

"Then tell me that I am worth a thousand, father — a thousand acres of good rich land with trees and hedges, and cows and sheep — surely I never can be worth all that: or at any rate not to you, papa."

"You are worth to me," said Sir Roland Lorraine as she fell into his arms, and sobbed, and kissed him, and stroked his white beard, and then sobbed again; "not a thousand acres, but ten thousand, land, and hearth, and home, and heart!"

"Then after all you do love me, father. I call nothing love that loves anything else. And how much," she asked, with her arms round his neck, and her red lips curving to a crafty whisper, "how much should I be worth if I married a man I despise and dislike? Enough for my grave, and no more, papa, just the size of your small book-table."

Here she fell away, lost in her father's arms, and for the moment could only sigh with her lips and eyelids quivering; and Sir Roland watching her pale loving face, was inclined to hate his own mother. "You shall marry no one, my own child," he whispered through her unbraided hair; "no one whom you do not love dearly, and who is not thoroughly worthy of you."

"Then I will not marry any one, papa," she answered with a smile reviving; "for I do not love any one a bit, papa, except my own father, and my own brother; and Uncle Struan of course, and so on, in an outer and milder manner. And as for being worthy of me, I am not worth very much, I know. Still if I am worth half an acre, I must be too good for that Captain Chapman."

From The Spectator.

MARY LAMB'S LETTERS.*

To say in the same sentence that we are grateful to Mr. Hazlitt for this volume of "gleanings after the gleaners,"

* *Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains.* Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Chatto and Windus.

and that we dislike its tone and dispute the accuracy of many of its assertions, may seem inconsistent, but it is an inconsistency into which all lovers of Charles Lamb and his writings will be likely to fall. His life was so intimately blended with that of his sister, that letters from Mary Lamb are, for biographical purposes, almost as valuable as his own; indeed, we are not sure that in the light they throw upon the fireside existence of one so wedded to his fireside, that on one of his removals he doubted if some of his flesh would not be found adhering to the door-posts of his late home, they are not superior to any of his own; while in force and clearness of expression, in keenness of insight into character, in strong sense, and in a pleasant, quaint originality of ideas, they are equal to anything we have ever read in the range of feminine correspondence. We are therefore sensible of our indebtedness to Mr. Hazlitt for the publication of the "Lamb-Stoddart" letters,—letters which deal pretty freely with the virgin fancies and matrimonial aspirations of his grandmother, and place in a very attractive light the character of one of the most unselfish, amiable, and spite of her repeated attacks of insanity, most rational of women.

The friendship between Mary Lamb and Sarah Stoddart—sister of the Doctor, afterwards Sir John Stoddart, to whom some of Lamb's letters are addressed—was of earlier date than Barry Cornwall has assigned to it. Talfourd, too, is in error in heading a letter from Charles Lamb in 1806 "To Mrs. Hazlitt." Miss Stoddart did not marry Hazlitt till 1808, and in the intervening years had more "slips 'twixt the cup and the lip" than, we hope, often fall to the lot of any young lady. Miss Lamb's cordial interest in the kaleidoscopic changes of her friend's prospects is made healthy by sound advice, and by so wide a tolerance for the fundamental difference of view between them, as goes far to justify the bold assertion made in one of her earlier letters, that she thinks herself the only woman who could live with a brother's wife and make a real friend of her.

When we are first introduced to Miss Stoddart, she is engaged to a Mr. Turner, of whom Mary Lamb writes:—

The terms you are upon with your lover does (as you say it will) appear wondrous strange to me; however, as I cannot enter into your feelings, I certainly can have nothing to say to it, only that I sincerely wish you

happy in your own way, however odd that way may appear to me to be. I would now advise you to drop all correspondence with William [not W. Hazlitt, we are informed, in a footnote, but an earlier William], but, as I said before, as I cannot enter into your feelings and views of things, your ways not being my ways, why should I tell you what I would do in your situation; so, child, take thy own ways, and God prosper thee in them! . . . What is Mr. Turner, and what is likely to come of him? and how do you like him? and what do you intend to do about it? I almost wish you to remain single till your mother dies, and then come and live with us; and we would either get you a husband, or teach you how to live comfortably without. I think I should like to have you always, to the end of our lives, living with us; and I do not know any reason why that should not be, except for the great fancy you seem to have for marrying, which, after all, is but a hazardous kind of an affair. But, however, do as you like; every one knows what pleases himself best. I have known many single men I should have liked in my life (*if I had suited them*) for a husband, but very few husbands have I ever wished was mine, which is rather against the state in general; but one never is disposed to envy wives their good husbands. So much for marrying; but, however, get married,—if you can.

About two years later, after sundry intermediate love-affairs, Mary Lamb ends a letter to her friend,—

Determine as wisely as you can with regard to Hazlitt; and if your determination is to have him, Heaven send you many happy years together! If I am not mistaken, I have concluded letters on the Corydon Courtship with this same wish. I hope it is not ominous of change, for if I were sure you would not be quite starved to death nor beaten to a mummy, I should like to see Hazlitt and you come together, if (as Charles observes) it were only for the joke's sake. Write instantly to me.

The marriage thus doubtfully welcomed was not a happy one, but of later differences no trace is visible in the brief remainder of the correspondence after Sarah Stoddart became Sarah Hazlitt. The following extract from one of the earlier letters seems to us inexpressibly touching, coming from one who was (and knew that she was), in her brother's words, "always on the verge of insanity":—

I have no power over Charles. He will do, —what he will do. But I ought to have some little influence over myself. And therefore I am most manfully resolving to turn over a new leaf within my own mind. . . . You shall hear a good account of me, and the progress I make in altering my fretful temper to a calm and quiet one. It is but being once thoroughly convinced one is wrong, to make one resolve

to do so no more; and I know that my dismal face has been almost as great a drawback upon Charles's comfort as his feverish, teasing ways have been upon mine. Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto. I am most seriously intending to bend the whole force of my mind to counteract this, and I think I see some prospect of success. Of Charles's ever bringing any work to pass at home I am very doubtful, and of the farce (Mr. H——) succeeding I have little or no hope; but if I could once get into the way of being cheerful myself, I should see an easy remedy in leaving town and living cheaply almost wholly alone, but till I do find we really are comfortable alone and by ourselves, it seems a dangerous experiment.

We know that in later years this experiment was tried, not from the cause alluded to in this extract (poverty), but from a perception on Charles Lamb's part that the excitement of town life was bad for his sister. The sacrifice was great, for he loved the streets as Johnson loved them, and society was almost a necessity of his existence. The year before he died he crowned the devotion of a life-time by settling with Mary under the roof of a medical man at Edmonton, so that she might not be harassed by the frequent removals from "home necessitated by her attacks, and that he might not be separated even by these from one whose "rambling tale is better" to him "than the sense and sanity of others."

It is, we imagine, this joint residence with Mr. Walden at Edmonton that has led to the assertion (credited, without proof, by Mr. Hazlitt) that Lamb was out of his mind at the time of his death. Both his biographers positively assert that he never lost the balance of his mind but once, and that *prior* to the terrible death of his mother by his sister's hand. Mr. S. C. Hall's positive assertion that he was in confinement at Enfield at the close of 1834, is contradicted by the dates of Charles Lamb's latest letters, and we do not look upon what "somebody else" alleges as worthy of disproof. The concealment of the fact that their friend was more than once insane is one of the counts of Mr. Hazlitt's fierce indictment against Barry Cornwall and Talfourd of "literary" and "moral falsification," and of a "desire to present Lamb before a generation which had not known him as they knew him in a light which was not a true one;" and for this purpose not scrupling "to tamper with the man's correspondence, and to put a figure of wax, of their own fashioning, in the place of the real flesh and blood."

These are heavy charges. Let us look a little closer into them. They resolve themselves into three principal counts. "Lamb used strong expletives, but this was not allowed to appear anywhere." We confess this offence appears to us a venial one. Would Mr. Hazlitt have had the oaths printed at length, or would he prefer the elegant obscurity of a —? The fashion of the age was to swear; it was no peculiar characteristic of the man.

"Lamb partook freely of beer and spirits, but this was to be flatly contradicted." So far from flatly contradicting it, both Lamb's biographers own to this weakness in him, and have made it quite sufficiently prominent. Who does not know that Lamb got drunk? Mr. Hazlitt rejects with scorn Barry Cornwall's plea that a little spirituous liquid upset Lamb's weak head, yet surely he must have read the letter to Mr. Wilson in which Lamb himself says, in extenuation of an overnight's excess, "You knew me well enough before, that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me."

"Lamb was deranged once or twice in the course of his life, but this was to be glossed over at any cost." This charge is quite untrue. Both his biographers distinctly state that Lamb was deranged *once*, but not more than once in his life; and we fail to see that Mr. Hazlitt has brought any proof of the "*twice*." Indeed his treatment of this whole subject shows either great obtuseness of perception, or a wilful determination to find groundless fault.

This is his statement, at page 214 of his *Reminiscences* : —

We know that after his mother's shocking end, in the autumn of 1796, Lamb temporarily lost his reason. His state of mind has been described by some one as nervous disorder, consequently it becomes necessary to give the patient's own account, as it appears in the following passage from a letter to Coleridge.

Then follows, verbatim, an extract from a letter given in full in the *Final Memorials*, and which, we believe, Talfourd is quite justified in placing *before* the fatal outbreak of madness in Mary Lamb. In this letter he speaks of "a person" who was "the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy," and in a later letter to Coleridge, he says : —

When you left London, I felt a dismal void in my heart; I found myself cut off, at one and the same time, from two most dear to me. In your conversation you had blended so many

pleasant fancies, that they cheated my grief; but in your absence, the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did its worst mischief by overwhelming my reason.

He then goes on, in the strain usual at that time between himself and Coleridge, to criticise passages in poetry and give pieces of his own writings. In a letter written directly after the tragedy in his home, the whole tone is different. "With me, 'The former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. . . . Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind." The person alluded to as the more immediate cause of his madness was, we believe, the fair-haired maid of his Sonnets, the Alice W—— of his essay. In one of his letters to Coleridge he alludes to the time in which they were both suffering under disappointment; and we think Mr. Hazlitt has made out clearly enough that the passion for Alice W—— was not a mere poetical fancy, but a painful experience in Lamb's early life. As a proof, however, of the extreme recklessness of assertion that takes all value from Mr. Hazlitt's criticism of the works of his predecessors, he turns a passage—in a letter to Coleridge referring to his love-sonnets, and stating that they express a passion of which he retains *nothing*—against Mary Lamb, thus:—

He once opened his mind to Coleridge, however, to the extent of confessing a half-belief that his self-devotion, if it had been in some respects advantageous, was not unattended, on the other hand, by certain drawbacks. "'Twas a weakness" (this is what he says to him), "concerning which I may say, in the words of Petrarch (whose 'life' is now open before me), if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues."

How any one reading the whole of this letter can fail to see that the weakness referred to is his past love for Alice W—— passes our comprehension. Again, besides asserting that Lamb's reason gave way under the weight of the shock of his domestic tragedy, against which all Lamb's letters of the period bear forcible evidence, Mr. Hazlitt, in that patronizing and, to our fancy, depreciating tone he assumes towards the subject of his memoirs, writes:—

It was soon after the catastrophe of September 23rd that the alarming accident to which I have adverted in an earlier chapter occurred

to John Lamb. Charles, it appears from the correspondence, had been complaining to Coleridge just before of his brother's want of sympathy and proper brotherly feeling; but when that brother was laid on his back helpless, and even in peril of his life perhaps, Charles and his sister not only turned nurses, but the former tried to retract what he had let slip in a bitterer mood about John.

Now there are here at least three misrepresentations. John's accident occurred *before* the catastrophe of September 23. In a letter to Coleridge, speaking of the time when his mother lay dead in the next room, and his sister was carried off to the mad-house (an infirm father and aunt formed the rest of the family circle), Charles writes, "I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone." Mary Lamb did not "turn nurse," for it was the nursing of her disabled brother, together with the care of her infirm aunt and parents, that had broken down her never strong mental constitution, and in the whole course of his letters we find no bitter word in Charles Lamb which ever needed to be repented of. His kindness and consideration for John Lamb were always far above that selfish person's deserts.

Later on, he speaks of Lamb's neglect of Coleridge in particular, and of his old friends in general, and calls the exclamation, often on Lamb's lips, "Coleridge is dead!" a "surely half-remorseful call;" and exclaims, with an amusing air of shocked prudery, after instancing the whimsical aspects of Lamb's writings by a quotation from one of his "Essays," in which he professes his sense of relief in "taking an airing beyond the diocese of strict conscience, and wearing his shackles the more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom," "Let us pass to pleasanter ground." On the whole, if his readers will resolutely avoid what is Mr. Hazlitt's, and read carefully all that is Charles and Mary Lamb's, they will find in this "Book of Remains" much to refresh their memory, and not a little to increase their knowledge, of two of the purest and noblest lives ever lived by man and woman on this "condemned, slandered earth."

From The Spectator.
PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

THE "Unknown and the Unknowable" is discovered, and is Matter. That, so far as we understand an argument which is protected, and, as it were, spiritualized at one or two points by the admission of a "mystery," is the dreary conclusion which Professor Tyndall, in his splendid address to the British Association at Belfast, lays before the world as the outcome of his vigorous research. After a long but not tedious historical *résumé* of the perennial conflict between natural science and the theologies of the world, a clear account of the rise of the doctrine of Evolution, a statement of that dogma of "the conservation of energy" which he accepts much as a Catholic accepts Infallibility — because it must be true, though the evidence is imperfect — the Professor proceeds to declare that the ultimate cosmical force is unknown and unknowable: — "We have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us — the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind — have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand-in-hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command, and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is "like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband." The universe is too vast for man to grasp all its conditions — it is but a span one sees — nor will any advance in his powers enable him to grasp them; and as till they are grasped perfect truth cannot be attained, the ultimate cosmical force must remain unknown and unknowable. Nevertheless, that force is Matter. "Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods?' or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who

brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?' The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or with irreverence. Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." True, Matter needs other and wider definitions than it has yet received, definitions less mechanical, and according it wider range; but still it is Matter, and as we conclude from the tone of the entire lecture, in Professor Tyndall's opinion, self-existent. Any cause for Matter is an inference, a guess, which no scientific man is warranted in making. Life and reason, as well as their instruments, have their origin in Matter, the idea of a separate and immortal reason or soul being, on the whole, inadmissible, though on this point Professor Tyndall — who puts this division of his view into the form of a wonderfully eloquent dialogue between Bishop Butler and a disciple of Lucretius — admits, or seems to admit, a mystery beyond which may lie somewhat of which the human understanding is too feeble to take cognizance. This, however, even if Professor Tyndall really allows so much, is but far-off and unsupported conjecture; and the teaching of his whole lecture is, that so far as science can ascertain, Matter — expanding that word to include Force as one of its attributes — is the Final Cause. Religion is but man's creation, though, as the desire for religion is one of the inherent forces of the mind, the gratification of that desire, so long as such gratification does not interfere with the paramount claim of science to be free, may often be not only not injurious, but highly beneficial. It is good for man to invent a creed. "And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to

fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs — then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

Plainer speaking than this can no man desire, and we need not say we have no quarrel with Mr. Tyndall for the plainness of his speech. We rather honour him for the courage which impels him to tell out his real thought, and face whatever of obloquy now attaches — and though little, it is often bitter — to opinions so extreme. If Materialism, — we use the word without endorsing the opprobrium it is supposed to convey — is true, why waste time and energy and character in teaching what we know, or at least believe, to be so false? That practice can lead only to a restriction of intellectual effort, or to an intellectual hypocrisy even worse in its effects than hypocrisy as to morals. That the result of such a philosophy, if universally accepted, would be evil, or rather, to avoid theological terminology, would be injurious to human progress, we have no doubt; but if it be true, the injury is no argument against its diffusion, for the injury, whatever its amount, is less than that which must proceed from the deliberate lying of the wise, or from the existence of that double creed, an exoteric and an esoteric one, which is the invariable result of their silence, or their limitation of speech to a circle of the initiated. Lucretius denying God and deifying Nature is a safer as well as nobler teacher than the Augur chuckling in silent scorn as he announces to the mob the imaginary will of the Gods whom, for him and for them alike, he believes to be non-existent. The evil the Professor will do arises not from any fault of his — save so far as there may be moral fault in accepting such conclusions, a point upon which his conscience, and no other man's, must judge — but from the cowardly subservience to authority which marks some would-be students of science as strongly as ever it marked any students of Theology. There is a class of men among us who are in matters of Science as amenable to authority as ever were Ultramon-tanes, and who will accept a decision from

Professor Tyndall that the Final Cause is Matter just as readily and with just as complete a surrender of the right of private judgment as Catholics show when a Pope decides that usury is immoral, or as the Peculiar People show when they let their children die because St. James did not believe in the value of medical advice. If Professor Tyndall affirmed that the Final Cause was heat, they would go about extolling the instinctive wisdom of the Guebres, and perhaps subscribe for a temple to maintain a perpetual fire. There will, however, be injury to such men, and if only for their sake, it would have been well if Professor Tyndall had, when announcing a conclusion which, if true, is fatal to all religion — for thought evolved from matter is thought without responsibility, and man is necessarily sinless — at all events stated frankly what his opponents would consider the great objections to his theory, had removed at least the primary difficulty, that the reference of all thought to motors apart from the independent and conceivably immortal mind in man, does not, like any other scientific assumption, explain the visible phenomena.

The hypothesis does not, for instance, explain in any way the consciousness of free-will, which is as strong as that consciousness of existence without which it is impossible to reason; or the independent influence of will, whether free or not, on the brain itself; or above all, the existence of conflicting thoughts going on in the mind at the same indivisible point of time. If a consciousness which is universal and permanent is not to be accepted as existing, why should the evidence of the senses, or the decision of reason, or the conclusions of science be accepted either? If the fact, as we should call it, is mere illusion, why is not the evidence for the conservation of energy mere illusion too? Belief in either can only be the result of experience, and the experience as to the one is at least as great as the experience as to the other. Yet as the outcome of material forces, of any clash of atoms, any active relation between the organism and its environments, must be inevitable, — free-will and thought evolved from machinery could not co-exist. The machine may be as fine as the mind can conceive, but still it can only do its natural work, — cannot change its routine, cannot, above all, decline to act, as the mind unquestionably often consciously does. Lucretius, who killed himself to avoid corrupt

imaginings, could, had his sanity been perfect, have controlled them,—that is, could have declined to let the mind act as it was going to act; and in that control is at least an apparent demonstration that he possessed something above the product of any material energies. Professor Tyndall will say that animals show the same will, the dog, for instance, restraining the inclination to snap at food, though his mind, as you can see in his eyes, wants it as much as his body, but what new difficulty does that involve? Immortality for animals, says Bishop Butler, when he met that dilemma; and Professor Tyndall accepts that conclusion as only logical; but where is the logic that requires it? There is no objection, that we know of, except prejudice, to the immortality of animals high enough in the scale to receive the separate reason, but neither is there any necessity why their separate reason should be deathless or incapable of absorption. The free-will of man does not prove or involve immortality, which must be defended on quite other grounds, though it does prove the existence in man of a force not emanating from material sources. Professor Tyndall says, if there were such a separate reason, it could not be suspended or thrown into a trance, as it were, by an external accident, but he does not prove that it is. His argument from surgical experience—the apparent suspense of all faculties because a bone presses the brain—only shows that the relation between the soul—to employ the theological and best-known term—and its instrument may be suspended for a time, but does not prove that the soul ceases even temporarily to be. The electric fluid exists even when the wire which conveys it ceases to be insulated. His moral illustration is stronger, because it carries us to the edge of the region where thought and experience alike begin to fail, but it is not conclusive:—“The brain may change from health to disease, and through such a change the most exemplary man may be converted into a debauchee or a murderer. My very noble and approved good master

[Lucretius] had, as you know, threatenings of lewdness introduced into his brain by his jealous wife's philter; and sooner than permit himself to run even the risk of yielding to these base promptings, he slew himself. How could the hand of Lucretius have been thus turned against himself, if the real Lucretius remained as before? Can the brain or can it not act in this distempered way without the intervention of the immortal reason? If it can, then it is a prime mover which requires only healthy regulation to render it reasonably self-acting, and there is no apparent need of your immortal reason at all. If it cannot, then the immortal reason, by its mischievous activity in operating upon a broken instrument, must have the credit of committing every imaginable extravagance and crime.” Why should it not have the credit, if the “immortal reason” has full power? What else but that is the essence of the idea of sin? If the immortal reason, indeed, has not full power—if, by reason of the imperfection of the instrument, it cannot, to use ordinary language, transmit its orders intact, then, in the degree to which that transmission is imperfect, there is neither extravagance nor crime, but merely action, to that extent morally indifferent. The alternative which the Professor puts down as a *reductio ad absurdum* is the main assumption not only of every Christian creed, but of every creed that ever existed, is, as we should say, one of the intuitions of which every man is as certain as he is of his legs. In the same way, the existence of conflict in the mind seems to us fatal to any idea that mind is a product of material action alone. The result of the physical brain-process, whatever it is, must surely be a result, and not a struggle of two results, in which one not only gives way, but is extinguished by the other. It is possible to deny that the struggle arises from one and the same operation, although it constantly seems to do so; but if it does so arise, there must be something in mind other than mental steam arising from physical friction.

In a paper in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* (Heft vii. 1874) by Dr. Joseph Chavanne, of Vienna, on “The Arctic Continent and Polar Sea,” the author deduces the following conclusions from the data furnished by recent expeditions, and which he carefully discusses:

—1. The long axis of the arctic land-mass (which probably consists of an island archipelago separated by narrow arms of the sea, perhaps only fjords) crosses the mathematical pole; it thus bends round Greenland, north of Shannon Island, not towards the north-west,

but runs across to 82° or 83° N. lat. in a northerly direction, proceeding thence towards N.N.E. or N.E. 2. The coast of this arctic continent is consequently to be found between 25° and 170° E. long. in a mean N. lat. of 84° and 85° , the west coast between 90° and 170° W. long. in a latitude from 86° to 80° . 3. Robeson Channel, which widens suddenly north of 82° 16m. N. lat., still widening, bends sharply in 84° N. lat. to the west; Smith Sound, therefore, is freely and continuously connected with Behring Strait. Grinnell Land is an island which probably extends to 95° W. long., south of which the Parry Islands fill up the sea west of Jones's Sound. 4. The sea between the coast of the arctic polar land and the north coast of America is traversed by an arm of the warm drift-current of the Kuro Siwo, which pierces Behring Strait, and thus at certain times and in certain places is free of ice, allowing the warm current to reach Smith Sound. 5. The Gulf Stream gliding between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya to the north-east washes the north coast of the Asiatic continent, and is united east of the New Siberia Islands with the west arm of the drift current of the Kuro Siwo. On the other hand, the arm of the Gulf Stream, which proceeds from the west coast of Spitzbergen to the North, dips, north of the Seven Islands, under the polar current, comes again to the surface in a higher latitude, and washes the coast of the arctic polar land, the climate of which, therefore, is under the influence of a temporarily open polar sea; hence both the formation of perpetual ice, as well as excessive extreme of cold, is manifestly impossible. 6. The mean elevation of the polar land above the sea diminishes towards the pole. 7. The sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya to Behring Strait is even in winter sometimes free of ice, and may be navigated in summer and autumn. 8. The most likely routes to the pole are:—first, the sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya; and second, the sea north of Behring Strait along the coast of the unknown polar land.

WE have been so alarmed by the denunciation of "the Editors of the European press" in the new number of *Fors Clavigera*, and their habit of living by the sale of their "opinions, instead of knowledges," that we scarcely venture to hold, much less to express, the very harmless "opinion" that the following passage is one of painful interest:—

The Pope's new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine [is] an infinitely more important object now, in all views of Rome from the west, than either the Palatine or the Capitol; while the still more ancient documents of Egyptian religion—the obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo, and of the portico of St. Peter's—are entirely eclipsed by the obelisks of our English religion, lately elevated, in full view from the Pincian and the Montorio, with smoke coming out of the top of them. And farther, the entire eastern district of Rome, between the two Basilicas of the Lateran and St. Lorenzo, is now one mass of volcanic ruin; a desert of dust and ashes, the lust of wealth exploding there, out of a

crater deeper than Etna's, and raging, as far as it can reach, in one frantic desolation of whatever is lovely, or holy, or memorable, in the central city of the world.

Academy.

"A ROSE IN JUNE," the publication of which was recently completed in *The Living Age*, is from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant.

THE FISHER.

SORROW, and strife and pain
Have crushed my spirit with relentless hand,
Long have I toiled, O Lord, and wrought in vain,
But still, at Thy command

Into the wide blue sea,
Clinging to Thine own word, I cast the net;
Thy covenant was made of old with me
And I will trust Thee yet.

Lord, it is hard to stand
Waiting and watching in this silent toil,
While other fishers draw their nets to land,
And shout to see their spoil.

My strength fails unawares,
My hands are weak,—my sight grows dim
with tears;
My soul is burdened with unanswered prayers,
And sick of doubts and fears.

I see, across the deep,
The moon cast down her fetters, silver-bright,
As if to bind the ocean in his sleep
With links of living light.

I hear the roll and rush
Of waves that kiss the bosom of the beach;—
That soft sea-voice which ever seems to hush
The tones of human speech.

A breeze comes sweet and chill
Over the waters, and the night wanes fast;
His promise fails; the net is empty still,
And hope's old dreams are past!

Slow fade the moon and stars,
And in the east, the new dawn faintly shines
Through dim grey shadows, flecked with
pearly bars,
And level silver lines.

But lo! what form is this
Standing beside me on the desolate shore?
I bow my knees; His garment's hem I kiss;
Master, I doubt no more!

"Draw in thy net, draw in,"
He cries, "behold the straining meshes
break!"
Ah, Lord, the spoil I toiled so long to win
Is granted for Thy sake!

The rosy day blooms out
Like a full-blossomed flower; the joyous sea
Lifts up its voice; the winds of morning shout
All glory, God, to Thee!

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.